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James Francis Cooke

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Antonín Dvořák

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THE ETUDE

NOVEMBER, 1919

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VOL. XXXVII, No. 11

Why a Czechoslovak Etude?

Why a Czechoslovak issue of THE ETUDE?

Why elect the newest of the World Republics to this prominence? What has Czechoslovakia done for Music in the past and what may it do in the future?

Poland chose its great pianist-statesman as its premier—and when Czechoslovakia sought to make its identity known to the world it did not send an embassy of politicians, business men, scientists, writers to represent it at the initial bow but, of all things—an embassy of musicians.

Last May, about six months after the armistice, the musical embassy of Czechoslovakia went to London to give a great Czechoslovak Festival. The expedition consisted of Emmy Destinnova (formerly known as Emmy Destinn the renowned opera singer), Kocian the violinist, Jan Herman and Vaclav Stepan; the famous Bohemian Quartet with Hoffmann, Suk, Herold and Zelenka; the Prague National Theater Orchestra (ninety members), conductor Mr. Kovarovic; the Prague Choral Society of fifty teachers; the Moravian Choral Society of fifty teachers, and many ladies in national costumes.

It made a colorful spectacle in khaki-hued London, and the programs composed strictly of Czechoslovak music were expected to be interesting. Judging from the reports of all the London papers the Festival was a sensational success. The *Telegraph* closed the Festival as an event of "rare historic interest," and Mr. Ernest Newmann in the *Observer*, states that the Czechoslovaks "astonished us with the dramatic intensity of their singing."

The point is, however, that this Festival of the new republic was not merely a musical event, but a distinctly state occasion under the patronage of the King and Queen of England—virtually the bow of a new nation to the world.

Municipal Organs

Municipal organs are the talk of the hour. In Portland, Maine, where Will C. MacFarlane has been municipal organist, the concerts have paid for themselves. In San Francisco, Edwin Lenare, the modern wizard of the organ keyboard, proved "good business," paying his own salary with the fees from his concerts. MacFarlane has now gone to Melrose, Massachusetts, where, we are told, there is to be a municipal organ rivaling those of Portland and Springfield.

Just why the municipal organist should be expected to show a profit, goodness only knows! The city expects the best of service from its mayor and from its judiciary, but it does not ask them to turn in a revenue. Nor does it ask its Board of Health, or its Board of Education to show a balance on the credit side of the books. That the municipal organist has been able to produce a profit under ordinary working conditions is certain evidence of the service he is rendering to the community.

In Portland it is reported that the police have found that the Sunday concerts have relieved them of considerable trouble previously aroused through a rowdy element. There appears to be a belief, amounting to conviction, that the moral tone of the city has been elevated. How can one listen to beautiful playing upon a great organ without being ennobled?

The wonderful Wanaunaker organ of Philadelphia, "the largest in the world," is to be played next year by the young

Yvet Czechoslovakia is by no means a new country, combining as it does Bohemia (the land of the Czechs), Moravia and Slovakia (a Slavic country located in the northern part of Hungary). The Moravian interest in music is manifested by the musical activities inherited in present generations of descendants from Moravian settlers in America. The Bethlehem Bach Choir is located in the heart of a Moravian district and its early sessions were held in the old Moravian church.

In other places in this issue our readers will find a wealth of information about the music of this new country which some have described as the land where music is more a part of the daily life and ambitions of the whole people than in any other country of the globe.

Czechoslovakia, territorially considered, is by no means a small country. It is nearly five times as large as Belgium, and much larger than the territory left to Austria. It will be three times as large as Denmark, four times as large as Holland, three times as large as Switzerland. There are upwards of ten million Czechoslovaks, according to recent estimates. This is three times the population of Norway. The official statistics of the United States Immigration Bureau shows that of all arrivals in this country in 1912 the Czechs were among the lowest in percentage of illiteracy. The percentage was .008875. Our own draft showed 35 percentage of illiterates in enlightened America.

The spirit of the new republic is perhaps best indicated in the concluding words of their "Declaration of Independence" signed in Paris October, 1918, by President Thomas G. Masaryk.

"The forces of darkness have served the victory of light—the longed-for age of humanity is dawning. We believe in democracy, we believe in liberty, and in liberty evermore."

Belgian master, Charles Courboin, who has made such a fine impression in America. This is virtually a municipal organ in that it is played daily, and no admission charge is made for the pleasure of hearing it.

Cyrus H. K. Curtis, founder of the great Curtis Publishing Company of Philadelphia, gave Portland its municipal organ as a memorial to the eminent Portland music teacher, Hermann Kotsehar, after whom Mr. Curtis was named. What more useful and significant memorial could have been erected than this beautiful instrument—not dead like a granite pile, but living with exquisite music every day of the week. Now Mr. Curtis is planning the erection of an organ, greater than any hitherto known, in the new *Public Ledger* building in Philadelphia. Thus this fortunate city will possess two of the most wonderful organs in the whole world.

It may also be a surprise for our readers to learn that a Philadelphia lat factory (Stetson & Company) possesses a very fine organ, located in a hall designed to seat fifty-five hundred employees. This organ is played by Adam Geibel, the blind composer-organist.

Who knows—perhaps the day may come when the erection of a municipal organ will be as commonplace a necessity as the building of a City Hall.

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Aladdin's Lamp

When Aladdin rubbed his tarnished lamp, a talisman which brought him untold wealth, he resided safely in the imagination of an oriental dreamer. Yet, ever since, it seems to be human to grasp any financial scheme that promises to bring riches in a day.

Swindlers know this and trade upon it. A conservative critic estimates that at least \$100,000 was swindled from the American public through a musical swindle, which though exposed in *THE ETUDE* many times in the past, seems to be particularly active just now.

The game is this. The swindler knows that the public has been informed that certain composers have become multimillionaires, almost overnight, through the composition of some very trifling song. Consequently the swindler advertises for songs or song-poems. By his music method the music will be polished up by "experts" or new music will be written and the song will be submitted to leading publishers and perhaps published.

The dupe sends in his doggerel and the swindler actually has a cake write some music to it, and it is printed and published in due form. What could be clearer or simpler? Every detail that the swindler has promised has been complied with, except, perhaps, the distribution of thousands of the copies to dealers.

The dupe waits for returns in royalties. The returns never come. Gradually he realizes that he has been charged from one to one thousand per cent. more for what he has received than he might have paid if he had himself hired an able musician to write the music and then had it printed at a regular music printer's.

The point is this. The swindler takes advantage of the very widespread human conceit that it is the easiest thing in the world to turn out song-poems that may make great fortunes. The truth is that the combination of words and music that really produces a hit is so rare that the dupe stands about one chance in a million. The swindler runs no risk whatever, for he demands his pay in cash.

If the half-million readers of *THE ETUDE* will make it a point to discuss this subject among their non-musical friends it may be possible that information upon this swindle may be sufficiently widespread to curb these heartless swindlers.

It frequently happens that the victim is a widow, who, being suddenly deprived of her means of support, remembers that luck in her school days she wrote some verse which was admired. Consequently she falls into the toils of the swindler, and in several cases of which we have heard, borrows money with which to pay for the writing of worthless music.

Don't think of paying for having a composition published, unless you are wealthy and want to flatter yourself in print. First send it to at least a dozen leading publishers. If they turn it down send it to the waste basket and let it stay there.

Success from Disaster

THE ingredients of good luck are surely disaster and discouragement, if we are to judge by the careers of two men associated closely in operatic art in this country, although one was born a Jew in Berlin and the other a devout Catholic in Athlone.

Oscar Hammerstein forged ahead over more failures than any man we can cite. Starting as an immigrant tobaccoist in New York he did not permit his strong love for music to suffocate. His ingenious inventions in tobacco machinery, his quick mind and his ceaseless energy enabled him to build four great opera houses—two in New York, one in Philadelphia and one in London—to say nothing of various theaters. He then organized opera companies, and presented operas in a way to smash traditions and force the older companies to improvements which might not otherwise have taken place.

All this was done in spite of regularly recurring failures of a kind that would have mired any ordinary man in inextinguishable discouragement. Just before his death he was making

plans to startle New York again with a new opera program. Hammerstein's failures were like waves in his life. He sailed over them and never stopped.

John McCormack, the Irish tenor of sensational renown, was brought to America by Hammerstein. But that was not his first visit to our shores. In his recently published autobiography he tells how he was taken to St. Louis to sing in the Irish village at the St. Louis Fair at a wage of fifty dollars a week. This was five years before his debut at the Manhattan Opera House in New York.

Now McCormack has earned his million he looks back upon his early days with pleasant contemplation of his many failures which lined the road to success. He left St. Louis in a fit of indignation because the manager presented a variety-show caricature of the Irishman as a comic relief to the village. (All honor to you, John, for holding up the dignity of your race.) His first American experience was a failure, and he went back to the "old sod" with a rather sour impression of the land that was to lay the basis of his fortune. Then he tells of innumerable set-backs when he tried again and again at auditions and was "turned down flat." Nevertheless, he kept on and on until ultimate triumph.

During the war Mr. McCormack's services yielded a huge fortune to war purposes. Time and again he gave recitals, tirelessly, to help the country of his adoption—America. All in all, he had enough set-backs in his career to floor any ordinary man—but McCormack and Hammerstein were not ordinary men. Perhaps the way to identify such a man is to watch how he overcomes disappointments, rebuffs, discouragements and disasters.

Worry Means Poor Work

THE OWNER of a \$10,000 prize laying hen the middle west was asked how he got such extraordinary egg-laying results. He replied, "It is because I keep my hens well fed, well cared for and never worried or abused. If I find a hired man who goes out to feed the hens and scolds and complains and does not treat them sympathetically I fire him at once. If I find one who treats them with kindness so that they come to know him and chuck happily when he goes among them I raise his wages. Contented hens lay more eggs."

If anything so stupid as the average hen will respond to kindness—what about children? Surely kindness in practically all cases is the course which music teachers should pursue. Anything on the teacher's part that might needlessly irritate or worry the pupil simply is bad pedagogy.

Music teachers and music pupils often lose more through undisciplined worry than they accomplish through years of work. In the noted book, "How to Live," by Irving Fisher and Eugene Lyman Fisk, sponsored by the Life Extension Institute, which means a staff of many of the most noted physicians and publicists of America, there is a chapter on worry which music teachers and music students may read with profit. After stating that upon investigation most of the so-called cases of "overwork" have been found due to bad air, bad diet, poisons and worry, and not at all to exceptional or long continued effort, it indicates

"each must learn for himself how best to avoid anger, fear, worry, excitement, hate, envy, jealousy, grief, and all depressing or abnormal mental states. To do so is an art which must be practiced, like skating or bicycle riding. It cannot be imparted merely by reading about it."

Surely, one of the chief daily tasks of anyone engaged in the practice of the very exacting art of music, or in teaching it, should be to build up a strong, normal, healthy mind that will ignore daily irritation, annoyance, worry, etc. Your book-seller will tell you of lots of books that will help you in such a task. Sometimes, in the hands of the right person, such a book is worth its weight in gold.

THE ETUDE



Echoes of Musical Czecho-Slovakia

From an Interview Especially Secured for *THE ETUDE* with

JOSEF STRANSKY

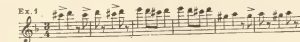
Conductor of the New York Philharmonic Orchestra

JOSEF'S NOVE.—Born in Humpolce, in Bohemia, 1874, the son of a schoolmaster, Josef Stransky was given a very thorough education in the Latin School at Prague and at the Universities of Prague, Leipzig and Vienna (where he studied medicine). His interest in music was manifested at a very early age. As a young man he founded and conducted a students' orchestra in Prague. He studied theory

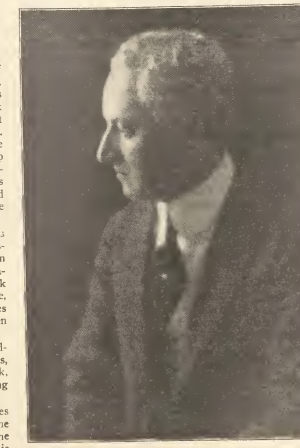
and composition in Prague with Fibich and Dvořák, in Leipzig with Jadassohn, and in Vienna with Robert Fuchs and Anton Bruckner. After passing the state examination in medicine he turned immediately to music and started to make that his profession. After a sensational debut in the *Walküre* he became the first conductor at the Royal Opera in Prague; there he went to Hamburg. In Berlin, Dresden, Holland and England, he held very important posts, including that of conductor of the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra. In 1911 he became conductor of America's oldest orchestra, the New York Philharmonic, and has retained that post ever since. He has composed an opera, symphonies and suites for orchestra, and many songs.

Therefore, the violin, which can be carried from the fields, is dearest to the hearts of the people. Throughout the entire land it is difficult to escape the sound of the fiddle at some time during the day. There is an old saying among the Bohemian people, that when a child is born they place money in front of the right hand and a fiddle in front of the left. If the child grasps the money it will become a thief, if it grasps the violin it will become a musician. My father used to say to me that I grasped both and therefore became a composer.

The music of the Czechs and the Slavs is music of extremes. For the most part it is either very sad, very mournful and slow, or else it is very wild, very fast and very brilliant. There seems to be little of the middle road, similar to the Russian music. In Vienna one finds the dreamy, tranquil waltz with its orderly and ant songs expressing the *dolce far niente* of the race. But Bohemia will have none of that. The music is either very fast and fiery, or very slow and sombre.



The Furiant and the Polka are the typical dances of Bohemia. Here is an excellent illustration of the Furiant taken from the Scherzo of the First Symphony of Dvořák.



JOSEF STRANSKY

Every Pesant Musical

In no nation of the world is music so much a part of the daily life of the people as in Bohemia. You think that you can understand what I mean by this, but you could not really comprehend it unless you were to take a trip through this remarkable land. Of course, the world knows of Prague, as important a music centre as any place in the world, but it knows little of the musical tendencies of the Czecho-Slovak people. From the earliest childhood every peasant sings or plays. Music is the very life of the country. I remember once passing a farmhouse in a remote district near Leipa. I listened and heard the C sharp *Minor Quartet* of Beethoven being played by a quartet of strings. Entering I found that the players were the farmer (also the village schoolmaster) and his three sons, and what a glorious time they were having with it!

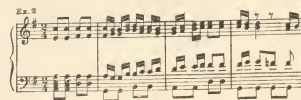
In some of the other cities of the country such as Budějovice, Plzeň, Liberec and Karlovy Vary (Karlsbad), etc., there are exceedingly fine, but little known music schools, naturally not as important as the National School at Prague, where such men as Dvořák were in the faculty. At Tepl, near Eger, for instance, is a colony of musicians which supplied for decades the world with little bands of women musicians often seen performing at hotels.

Strangely enough, Bohemia has no pianist of worldwide renown, although there are many composers, conductors and violinists, such as Kublík, Sevík, Kocian, Nedbal and others. The "Bohemian String Quartet" is known all over Europe.

While there are a vast number of manufactories devoted to textiles, chemicals, pottery, glass, etc. (the glass industry alone employs about 80,000 people), the chief occupation of the people of the new republic is agriculture.

and composition in Prague with Fibich and Dvořák, in Leipzig with Jadassohn, and in Vienna with Robert Fuchs and Anton Bruckner. After passing the state examination in medicine he turned immediately to music and started to make that his profession. After a sensational debut in the *Walküre* he became the first conductor at the Royal Opera in Prague; there he went to Hamburg. In Berlin, Dresden, Holland and England, he held very important posts, including that of conductor of the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra. In 1911 he became conductor of America's oldest orchestra, the New York Philharmonic, and has retained that post ever since. He has composed an opera, symphonies and suites for orchestra, and many songs.

A characteristic example of the Polka may be found in the following extract from Smetana's Symphonic Poem "Vltava" (Moldau).



When the Bohemian parent finds that his child has an inclination for music he is delighted. If his child makes an early success it is a wonderful occasion, as eventual as would be the case if some American youth were to amass a large amount of money by speculation in Wall Street. Music is considered one of the honorable occupations, something to which one should aspire as a noble position in life. The musical child is carefully trained and encouraged. He always finds a willing audience if he can play fairly well, and his practicing is not put aside as a kind of a nuisance which must be tolerated. Indeed musical ability makes one welcome everywhere in Bohemia.

Czech Composers

The great trio of Czech composers contains the names of Smetana, Dvořák and Fibich. Smetana should be more widely known in America. Only comparatively few of his works have ever been played here. Who in America has ever heard of his fine operas, *The Secret*, *The Two Widows*, *The Kiss*, *Libussa*, etc. All of these are remarkable musical masterpieces, much better in many ways than many of the operatic "novelities" which have recently come from France and Italy.

Dvořák is, of course, well known in America as he deserves to be. The works of Fibich should, however, be far better known here. He cultivated every field of musical composition and produced many works of high musical distinction.

Gustav Mahler must also be counted as a Czecho-slovak composer, although the general character of his works is typically Teutonic. Vítězslav Novák is a very original Czech composer of the younger school. I will introduce some of his works in America in the near future. Oscar Nedbal wrote several delightful ballet scores. Osárlík has written very fine operas and there are many other names that I could mention. But of what significance are names? America must know the music itself to appreciate the innate charm of the art creations of Czecho-Slovakia. Now that we have new interests and new opportunities have been created, I hope to present more and more of the interesting works of my native land than has been my privilege to do hitherto.

Dvořák has become a great favorite in America, for in addition to the popularity created by his very many compositions in the style of the famous *Humoresque* and *Songs My Mother Taught Me*, his *New World Symphony* is regarded as a glorification of America. Although Dvořák spent three years of his life in America, he was over forty when he arrived and lived most of his previous years in his native Bohemia, so that he could not be happy anywhere else. He used to go down to New York Harbor and watch the ships sailing for Europe, with tears in his eyes. a

single incident for the European who was to write the most famous work in larger form, identified with the name of America. The wonders which the average European peasant finds in the New World, the tall buildings and the modern inventions, had little interest for Dvořák. Consequently, when he wrote his symphony he chose Indian and Negro themes as the sources of atmospheric inspiration. No doubt he felt that this folk-music, like the music of his native Bohemia, was a music of extremes, ranging from the negro "spiritual" to the wild negro dances of the levee, now corrupted into "jazz."

The art of Czech-Slovakia is best known to the world at large through its music, but it must not be thought that this country has no great art writers in other lines. Poets such as Jaroslav Vrchlický,

Do You Know?

Do you know that the *Lancers* are just one hundred years old? The dance was devised in the city of Dublin by an John Dowl.

Do you know that the piano of Beethoven's time was nearly an octave shorter than the piano of to-day? That is, it had ten notes, or keys less. The added keys in the treble are rarely used, but the additional keys in the bass are valuable in octave effects.

Do you know that the first musical dictionary was published in 1203? Its author was Sebastian de Brossard, a Frenchman. A small Latin dictionary of music had appeared two years previous. It was, however,

Svatopluk, Czech and Hajek; philosophers such as Masaryk, Krejci and Dřina; are held in the highest regard by world critics who know their works. But whoever heard of the works of these men outside Czech-Slovakia? That is the trouble—Czech-Slovak art has been retarded—not necessarily suppressed—by Austria, and not given the support lent to the works representing the products of Austria rather than the products of Bohemia. The new age has now come and every country should now develop freely so that national identity in art creations may be emphasized rather than suffocated. I am sure that these newly liberated nations will progress enormously. Among the leading nations will soon be Czech-Slovakia. I say this not merely because it was born there, but because I know the enormous innate power of this Slavic nation.

intended for scholars, and was written by a Bohemian, Janovka. Louis XIV thought so highly of Brossard's carefully selected musical library, that he bought it for an annuity of 1,200 francs.

Do you know that four hundred years ago the musicianship of a composer was judged by the number of parts or voices in which his works were written? Nowadays four parts, soprano, contralto, tenor and bass seem sufficient for most compositions, but in 1601 Dr. John Bull found a composition for 40 parts, and was not content until he had added 40 more.

MORE MONEY FOR MUSIC TEACHERS

Music Teachers Demand Immediate Raise in Rates

THE Philadelphia Music Teachers' Association, probably the largest organization of music teachers (other than Public School music teachers) in America, which has been active in enlisting the interest of other associations in other parts of the country in its progressive movements, has taken a decided step at a recent meeting. This may have far reaching results if the teachers in other centers have the stamina to resolve upon a similar course.

The P. M. T. A. a number of years ago issued the "Missed Lesson" slips and placards which have had a national circulation of hundreds of thousands through various publications. There can be no doubt that this has done much to stop a great nuisance and save the teachers of the country much valuable time and money. It is impossible to estimate how much the teachers may have saved in actual money through the missed lesson slips, but it must be well up into the thousands of dollars.

The following resolutions were presented at a meeting conducted by Mrs. Frances E. Clarke, President of the Association. Many of the foremost teachers and conservatory heads of Philadelphia were present. The resolution was carried unanimously.

Whereas, the music teachers of America are performing an educational work of vital importance in every community;

Whereas, in all vocations it has been found necessary to increase the amount of income to meet the vastly increased cost of living, and;

Whereas, it is imperative that the music teaching profession act concertedly;

Therefore be it resolved: That we, the members of the Philadelphia Music Teachers' Association, do hereby determine to increase our rates of tuition to meet the existing conditions.

No regular rate of advance was determined upon, although many teachers felt that the Association should at once demand a uniform 50% raise in tuition fees. This, it was felt, in many instances, might be excessive, whereas in other instances it might not be adequate. It was brought out that the last five years have advanced over 100%, and few teachers during that time had made any attempt to make a sufficient advance in rates. Mr. Theo. Presser, Mr. Chas. L. Murphy, Mr. Henry S. Fry, Mr. James Warburst, Miss Adèle Sutor, Mr. Constantin von Sternberg, Mr. Camille Zeckwer, Angus C. Quinlan, James Warburst, Mr. Burton T. Scales and Mr. James Francis Cooke, took active part during the meeting in pushing this resolution, together with other leading Philadelphia teachers.

The ETUDE will gladly cooperate with all organizations desiring to make a similar stand.

LET US ALL WORK TOGETHER

The Real Tendencies of Czech-Slovak Music

By Vitezslav Novak

[Novak, one of the foremost Czech composers, contributed this article to the Parisian music journal, *Revue*, some years ago.]

WITNI Smetana and Dvořák, their musical culture was founded upon nationalism—love of their Czech country, and the fostering of the Slav spirit. The actuating impulse of the men who headed the musical movement is based upon this intense and dominant patriotism. But their actual products are widely different.

One cannot repeat over and over again, the same thing; one may not imitate even a master with servility; it is absurd to follow too closely the same path. And this truth obtains in the world of musical creation. We of the Czech nation will share the modern art; a school which shall partake of the modern French trend, as well as that of the German, yet which shall preserve at the same time zealously intact, the strong, individual, racial characteristics of the Czech musical tradition.

Here in Bohemia, in years past, was seen a determined stand to protect our borderland? What shall our influence. And this was, in its time, advantageous, right and perfectly natural. But now we consider everything advantageous for a country which holds our position geographically in the very centre of Europe, and which intends to profit by this position. Let us insist, nevertheless, that however we allow the influences of surrounding countries upon our national art, we shall lose nothing of our Slav individuality. This is what concerns us the most. And— in spite of the marked resemblance of the musical instinct of such composers as Smetana and Dvořák—it is a matter of the deepest import to us as a nation.

Generalities aside, what are these influences? What shall we choose to learn from the stranger art which we permit to pass our borderland? What shall we reject? I do not say (understand me) *what shall we admire*. I speak altogether of the inspiration—the mood—one might better say the apprenticeship to the interested young men and women more in art—that precedes attainment.

If we would search for a clear presentment as to what these influences consist, it is necessary to confess that the evolution of our young musical culture has emanated largely from Teutonic sources, and only secondarily from French and southern. In consequence it is quite natural for one who studies our music to find a tendency, very marked and significant, toward elaborate polyphony, and at the same time to observe a rapport with the Teutonic style of form-motiv.

On the contrary—and this is in the natural order of things—the essential individuality of modern French music, the rich colorful orchestration, the untrammelled impressionism, the eccentric syncretisms with their curious sound effects—all this is fully repugnant to us, but they are emphatically not the foundation of our art. In the final analysis, the question of such influences should mislead no one. We are sons of our Czech-Slovak soil—we are vital units of our land—we are Czech-Slovaks. And this is the basic fact in our musical sentiment.

A very clear characteristic, and one which explains much in our musical work, is our faculty for creative, standing sympathetically other modes of musical creation. We must regard, indeed, as the prime requisite for the birth and development of art, the rapport the composer and his work. With all the devotion in art is worth the doing. That which is the outcome of assumed and insincere sentiment is never of the true art. The genius of art is not so much capricious as she is falcon-sighted. If there is one flaw in the crystal, one shadow of insincerity or pose—she will have none of it!

The title of a Czech-Slovak musical cycle, "Life and Dreams" (*La vie et les rêves*), would serve as an epigram for our creation. For all that we are spirit. This is the reason of our indifference for the music of the theater. It is also the reason emphatic, why we do not cultivate the music of the church. One must conclude, upon a study both of the Czech-Slovak people and of their art, that our role domain is that of pure music for the sake of music—orchestral, chamber music and the song. It is this for which we seek.



Or all the strange things in the records of music none is more extraordinary than the almost incredible fact that Richard Wagner was forty-four years old, and had written all but three of his operas and music dramas before a single one of them was produced at Vienna, Munich or Stuttgart; that he was fifty-six and over before Italy, France and England began to stage even his early operas.

This amazing fact regarding the career of the man who is now universally regarded as the greatest opera composer of all times and countries, should be printed on pasteboard in huge red letters and hung up in the room of every music teacher and student. It would do more to teach ambitious young men and women patience and perseverance than volumes of pedagogic exhortations.

The other day a young American composer indulged in piteous caterwauling in the musical papers because the conductor of one of the great orchestras of this country couldn't find time to examine a manuscript he had submitted to him. The composer declared that his "life ambitions" had been wrecked by this rebuff!

This was an extreme case; but the country is full of young composers who think they are being maltreated because, when they have succeeded in getting a few songs or piano pieces, or an orchestral work printed, the whole musical community does not immediately start a torchlight procession to proclaim them immortal geniuses. I can sympathize with these poor fellows, for I was in a similar state of mind when my first book, "Romantic Love and Personal Beauty," was published. It was as sure as sure can be that it would bring me \$100,000 and immediate world fame, for I knew, interested young men and women more than anything else in the world, and this was the first historic and scientific book on the subject. I soon learned to be modest and patient.

Had I not learned this, then, I surely would have learned it later on when I studied the life and read the letters of Richard Wagner. Job did not suffer as many misfortunes and disappointments as the creator of the modern music drama. Most people have a vague knowledge of the diverse trials and tribulations he was subjected to. It has occurred to me that the more definite knowledge to be gained by a bird's-eye view of these cupes deflected and persistent failures before triumph was achieved, might be welcomed by readers of *THE ETUDE*, especially those who, if at first they don't succeed, need to be exhorted to "try, try again."

Failure threatened the very start of Wagner's life—failure to live. One of the consequences of the great battle of Leipzig was an epidemic of typhoid fever which carried off Friedrich Wagner when his little son Richard was only six months old. The babe also had an attack, a mild one fortunately, so he escaped; but for four years the state of his health worried his mother.

Parisian Disappointments

Failure was written all over Wagner's earliest attempts to show the world what he could do. Largely, this was due to his overweening and precocious ambitions. At the age of five, having decided to learn to draw, he wanted to begin by painting life-size portraits of kings. At thirteen he started to translate Homer's "Odyssey."

His debut as a composer was as humiliating as it could have been. At

If at First You Don't Succeed

By the Eminent New York Critic
HENRY T. FINCK

the age of sixteen he perpetrated an orchestral overture so complicated in texture that, in order to facilitate the reading of it, he wrote it in three kinds of ink, red for the strings, green for the woodwind, and black for the brasses. He himself has related how, at the performance of this work, the audience was at first astonished at the perseverance of the drum player, who had to tap his instrument fortissimo every fourth bar throughout the piece; how this astonishment gradually changed to obvious disgust and ended in an explosion of general laughter, to the young composer's great discomfiture.

More disappointing still was his first operatic venture. As conductor of the opera at Magdeburg he brought out his *Novice of Palermo* (*Liebesverbot*, based on Shakespeare's "Measure for Measure"). The second performance was to be for his own benefit. The audience consisted of the composer's housewife and her husband, a Polish Jew in full costume, and a few others. The curtain never rose on this performance because of a strike among the unpaid singers, and the composer's hopes were dashed once more.

Three years later, when he was in Paris, he tried to bring out this same opera at the Théâtre de la Renaissance. Everything promised well, when suddenly this *Novice of Palermo* had the curious fate of being frustrated twice by the failure of an operatic institution.

He had gone to Paris because he believed there were much greater opportunities there for an ambitious young composer than in any German city. Meyerbeer, brilliant success there particularly dazzled his eyes. But Wagner was no Meyerbeer—thank heavens! Paris had no use for him—didn't want either of the two viable operas he had so far composed, *Rienzi* and *The Flying Dutchman*.



Hanslick Laying Down the Law to Wagner

Edward Hanslick, the famous Vienna critic, spent much of his valuable time in trying to convince his public that the music of Wagner was a horrible parody on art. Critics are all very well, but unfortunately most of them elect to tell others how to do things which the critic could never succeed in doing. Posterity looks upon most of them as persistent flies, making a great deal of buzzing and stupidly destroying the comfort of good folks. Mr. Finck, however, is a constructive critic and his advice and wisdom have been an inspiration and a guide to thousands.

Nor did it want his *Faust* overture, which he composed after hearing an inspiring performance of Beethoven's *Ninth Symphony* by the famous Conservatoire Orchestra. The conductor of this orchestra, Halletteck, was willing to try it, but the directors declared it "a long enigma" and decided not to play it in public.

Three years (1839-42) Wagner spent in Paris, and they were three futile years, except in so far as they gave him welcome opportunities to hear French master works splendidly performed at the Opéra.

Stooping to conquer, and urged on by the pressure of poverty and debts, he wrote an ordinary carnival vaudeville; but the actors declared that his music could not be sung, so it was given up.

In despair, he tried to earn his living by seeking a job as a chorus singer in a small Boulevard theatre; but the conductor, in Wagner's own words, "discovered at once that I could not sing at all, and that he had no use for me."

Nobody in Paris wanted his fine settings of several German poems, so he sent them to *Europa*, a periodical published by Lewald, whose terms were \$2.50 to \$4. In forwarding them, Wagner begged the editor to be sure and give him the maximum, as he needed the money.

He also wrote short stories, arranged popular operas for piano, and indulged in other forms of irksome drudgery to pay for his bread. One day, as Praeger relates, he was in such straits that he begged his wife to pawn her jewels. "I have already done so," she replied.

Ignored and Maltreated at Home

The first ray of encouragement came with the offer of the Dresden Opéra to stage his *Rienzi*. To pay his way back to Germany he sold the libretto of his *Flying Dutchman* to a French composer for \$100.

Rienzi, in Dresden, was a huge success, because it was not Wagnerian, hence in the style of Meyerbeer, who was then the fashion; but when the first really Wagnerian opera, *The Flying Dutchman*, was produced in the same city—it was a flat failure. It had previously been refused by the managers of the two great opera houses in Leipzig and Munich. In Dresden, after its first production, in 1843, it was not heard again till twenty years later! At Cassel it was brought out five months after the Dresden premiere, and at Berlin, in 1844; then for exactly ten years no opera house at all produced it. In Vienna it was not heard till 1864; in Munich and Stuttgart not till 1864 and 1865, while Hamburg even waited till 1870, so slowly did his operas travel at first.

"You are a genius, but you write such eccentric stuff it is hardly possible to sing it." This was said to Wagner after the first performance of his next opera, *Tannhäuser*, by the first *Fenns*, Schroeder-Devrient. *Tannhäuser*, also, failed to make its way at once. After its Dresden production, four years passed before it was heard elsewhere—at Weimar, and there only because the conductor of the opera was Liszt, who made it his business to produce the works of neglected geniuses.

Liszt, too, was the first to produce that superlative master work, *Lohengrin*, which later, for decades, was the most popular of all German operas. Dresden had an ideal cast for it; but although Wagner was one of the conductors there he could not persuade the manager to stage it,

and the Dresdeters did not hear *Lohengrin* till twelve years after its creation. When it was produced in 1859 at Leipzig—where Wagner was born forty-six years before—the third performance “was given before an empty house, and so was the fourth at reduced prices.” This was a city which, as the histories inform us, had been raised by the efforts of Mendelssohn and others to the rank of the musical center of Germany!

Silent Six Years—and Why?

Is it a wonder that for six years after the composition of *Lohengrin* Wagner did not write another note? To enlighten the world as to his operatic aims and principles, he wrote a number of literary essays and pamphlets, but nobody paid the slightest attention to them. He was living in Switzerland and Italy, an exile from Germany because of his participation in the revolutionary uprising in 1848; he knew his music would be horribly misinterpreted and misinterpreted, but he could not return to Germany to mend matters without risking capture and the scaffold.

One of the things he did in desperation was to publish a guide to the correct performance of *Tannhäuser*, a wonderfully instructive pamphlet, which he sent to the various royal opera houses. It was ignored by all but two or three of them. In Munich, many years later, the six copies by Wagner were found in the library of the opera house with the leaves uncut! (The reader will please pardon the frequent exclamation marks in this article; but nearly everything the Germans did to their men of genius, and particularly to Wagner, is so astonishing that the mere recording of it calls for an !)

I wish all readers of this article who are dependent because at first they did not succeed—or don't have as much success as they think they deserve—would peruse pages 365-382 in the first volume of my “Wagner and His Works,” two chapters headed “A Modern Prometheus” and “The Circus Hülsen in Berlin.” In the first I attempted to paint Wagner as “a modern Prometheus, whose vital organs were daily gnawed at by the critics as other Philistines gnawed at the ears of the gods to steal from heaven the fire of genius—a blaze which showed their own lights to be mere tallow candles.” His letters to List are full of utterances of despair like these: “My nights are mostly sleepless—and wearisome. I have no more sleep than a dog before a bone which is destined to bring me not one joy.” “Oh, that I should not arise from my bed to-morrow, awake no more to this loathsome life!”

The Circus Hülsen, as the sarcastic Hans von Bülow called the Royal Opera in Berlin, was the scene of the most astounding farce ever enacted over an opera—a farce so long-drawn-out that *Tannhäuser* was not heard there till more than ten years after its premiere at Dresden, and until after forty other cities had heard it! For the details of this farce, which I culled from about fifty of the letters that passed between Wagner and those he had to deal with, there is of course no room here. They throw a glaring light on one phase of German “Kultur”—the habitual maltreatment of genius.

Incredible as it may seem, the same institution repeated the same farce, equally prolonged, with the Nibelung opera, two decades later!

The large cities, like Berlin, Vienna, Munich, Stuttgart, were the last to accept his operas. What paltry sums he got for the performing rights of his operas may be inferred from the fact that Berlin balked at the thought of paying \$750 for *Tannhäuser*, and Munich would not listen to such a sum as \$500. Hamburg refused to pay \$250, while Leipzig (his native city!) found \$140 exorbitant! Breslau paid about \$80; Würzburg gave \$37; Cologne could not, for a time, raise \$50 for this opera; and the smaller cities ranged from that sum down to about \$25! These payments were made but once, so the “mine” was soon exhausted. In 1852 he wrote: “I must deem myself lucky if during this whole year I get something from Weimar for *The Flying Dutchman*.”

Thus he was reduced to “absolute destitution,” to use his own words. “Thanks,” he adds sarcastically, “to the noble assistance of glorious Germany.” Had he not been for List, Franz Jullé Ritter, and a few other devoted friends, that destitution—caused by the fact that everything he tried proved a failure—might have driven him to suicide, which frequently suggested itself to his mind.

All this time, too, he was tortured by ill health, which often made it impossible for him to compose

more than two or three hours a day, even in the inspiring air of Switzerland. Studying the symptoms of his illness—dyspepsia, insomnia, rheumatic heart trouble and crystalline—in the light of recent books, I have come to the conclusion that his trouble was of toxicæmia. The point is of superlative importance because experience with over 100,000 patients shows that three-fourths of all who are not in robust health suffer from the same self-poisoning as Wagner did. Of all obstacles to success, ill health is the greatest.

Lamentable Failures in London and Paris

For years the *Tannhäuser* overture has been the most popular piece in the orchestral repertory of all countries. In 1855, when it was played in London for the first time, there were hisses and, as Liszt wrote to Wagner, “Klindworth and Remeny were almost loudly” only ones who had the courage to applaud loudly! Nevertheless, Wagner accepted an offer of the condutorship of the Old Philharmonic Orchestra in London. He did this because he was hard up for cash, and he was offered \$1,000 for the season! This is not a misprint. One thousand dollars for a whole season of the German operas and concerts Richard Wagner gave in London in the year 1855, when he was forty-two years old and at work on the *Walküre*! (Jean de Reszke afterwards got \$2,500 for a single performance in one of Wagner's operas in New York.) The foolish nation had even believed that out of that \$1,000 he might be able to save a few hundred francs to take back to Switzerland! The season lasted 102 days, and his pay was therefore \$9.50 a day!

At that time Wagner was a famous man, else he would have been invited to London. As a matter of course, there were Wagner concerts galore? Not one! His friend Praeger saw the directors and found that they “feared hazarding the reputation of their concerts by the devotion of a whole evening to Wagner.” Few exceptions were made. In the whole history of programs, but the critics fell upon them like rabid wolves. Everything he did was censured because he conducted differently from the English music-god of that time, Mendelssohn. “I live here,” he wrote Liszt, “like one of the lost souls in hell!”

The tide turned at the seventh of the eight concerts, because of the attitude of Queen Victoria. “She and the Prince,” Wagner wrote to Liszt, “were really the first persons in England who dared to come out openly in favor of mine in my favor, and at the final concert there was an ovation for him. But he did not take any money back to Switzerland, where he resumed work on the *Walküre*. Foolish man! He didn't know that he would have to wait twenty years before he could get that work performed.”

“I must perform a miracle to make the world believe in me,” he wrote two years after his London fiasco. He borrowed two hundred francs of Liszt for a trip to Paris, and he did it. He was in Paris for three months in 1861, with great financial hopes. Result: a deficit of \$1,100.

Then a miracle did happen. Napoleon ordered a performance of *Tannhäuser* at the Opéra! Everybody knows what followed; how the members of the Jockey Club, angered by Wagner's refusal to insert a ballet in the second act, indulged in noisy demonstrations that

Mr. Finck's next article in this entertaining series will be “Don't Be Too Dignified.”

Playing Without Looking at the Keys

By M. P. Sawyer

I HAVE read several articles in *THE ETUDE* advising holding a sheet of music under the pupil's chin and other inconvenient means of shielding the keyboard of the piano from the vision of the child who persists in looking at the keyboard. My plan is to take an old pair of spectacles with metal rims and bend the rims of the part that formerly surrounded the lenses so that they are parallel with the keyboard. Then I take a piece of thin cardboard about seven inches long and three inches wide and fasten it to the rims in such a

way that when worn by the child the cardboard will project from under the eyes like a visor. The cardboard may easily be secured to the rims of the eyeglasses. If the rims are too wide, bend them in or cut them off on the side next the face.

This improvised shield enables the pupil to see the printed music page yet the keyboard is concealed—used occasionally it will work wonders. It is spared my pupils much annoyance through this device, which makes it unnecessary to continually remind them to look at the notes and not at the keys.

The Christmas issue of *THE ETUDE* will contain a remarkable interview with Canon Monsignor Casimiri, leader of the Vatican Choirs from St. Peter's, St. John's and the Sistine Chapel in Rome, now making a tour of America.

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caused the composer to withdraw the opera after the third attempt at a performance. Net result for him: His royalty was \$100 for each performance. Three were given, making his earnings \$300 for a year's hard work and oceans of annoyance. This is the rate of work and earnings of a day! However, as I observed nearly half a dollar a day! However, as I observed in my Wagner biography, “the main thing was that the Jockey Club had had its fun. Bull fighting was forbidden in Paris at that time on the ground of cruelty; but composer-baiting—ah, that is quite another affair!”

Wagner-Baiting in Germany and America

“German newspapers have made haste to intone over the fall of a German in Paris songs of joy, full of open or disguised scorn, and hollow tirades,” said a journal published in Frankfurt.

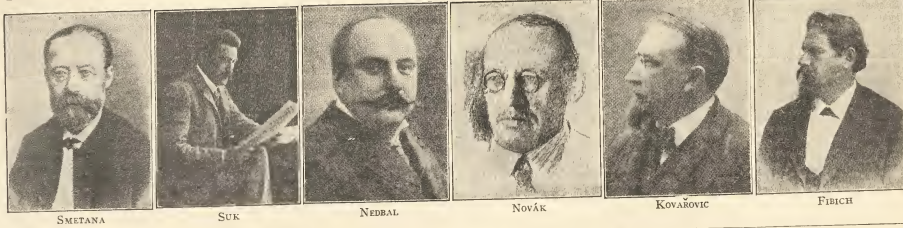
Undaunted, undiscouraged, and ever hopeful, Wagner, on his return, continued his work on the Nibelung operas. They were to have their first hearing at the Bayreuth Festival, for which he had been working two decades like a beaver amid countless obstacles. We now look back on this festival as the biggest event in the history of music—certainly of German music; but the German newspapers tried in every possible way to thwart it, and three times it had to be postponed a year. They even got up a lying smailbox scare to keep people away. Leading newspapers like the *Germanische* (circulation 40,000) declared that the German nation had “absolutely nothing to do with the Bayreuth performances”—this “simian disgrace” (*Affenhande*), as one of the leading critics called it. The financial outcome of the festival was a deficit of \$37,500. Bear in mind that Wagner was sixty-three years old, and not yet appreciated! But he persevered and hopefully began to compose his last opera, *Parsifal*. If at first you don't succeed . . . That opera, produced in 1882, the year before his death was a success, at last, from the point of view of music—certainly one can read the romantic, stormy, pitiable story of Wagner's life without often shedding tears of pity, and of wrath at his countrymen, who habitually treated him like a criminal. But there was much Wagner baiting in other countries, too.

Including ours. Indeed, in the whole history of anti-Wagnerism there is nothing more disgraceful than the boycott on Wagner's works, not only in the opera houses but in the concert halls of America, after we entered the war. He had been dead thirty-six years, yet he alone of all dead masters was shut out for months—in Boston and other cities for a whole season. Yet of all the German composers of the past or present he was the one whom we should have continued to cultivate and foster; for he was one of us.

For twelve years he was an exile from Germany, condemned to death if caught, for he had taken part in the revolutionary uprising of 1848. On June 14 of that year—listen to this!—he delivered a fiery address which was printed as a newspaper extra in Dresden. In it he said that the city and in Dresden, nothing less than the complete abolishment of the aristocracy as well as the standing army, and the proclamation of Saxony as a republic!

Sixty-one years elapsed before the Great War brought about what Wagner had dreamed and ardently wished. Yet this man was singled out for an American boycott of his immortal works!

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Birth of the Czecho-Slovak Republic Through Song

By LUDMILA VOJÁČKOVÁ-WETCHÉ

Mme. Wetché is a Bohemian pianist residing in New York. She has been an accompanist for Kubelik, Sevcik and other noted Bohemian artists

*“These things shall be a loftier race
Than ever of the world has known,
With flower of freedom in their souls
And light of science in their eyes.
They shall be gentle, brave and strong
To spill no drop of blood but dare
All that may plant man's lordship firm
On earth and fire and sea and air.”*

Yes, the boys that dared all to free themselves (and eventually their country) from the 300-year-long yoke of Austria, and who actually saved 1,000,000 Germans from entering Paris (this being a historical fact), fought often in rags; for their official uniforms were long ago and gladly left behind, together with their deadly weapons, on their flight to freedom. All they had with them was their Song, to which their hearts and souls sang as they marched and fought—their Husite Hymn. This was the hymn of the grand old one-eyed warrior Žižka, with which already in 1421, at the battle of Domažice 130,000 Crusaders, who were sent against the Husites, were put to flight by a mere handful of “Singing Czechs.” The enemy probably never doubted the full equipment and great number—just as recently in Siberia.

In it they could sing at last again, to their heart's content, all the patriotic songs that had been forbidden them under Austria, and I even make up new ones, without restraint or restriction.

Yet, saw an American minister told his congregation lately on his return from Siberia, these men had to often wait by the water until their clothes were dry—because they did not possess a change—and their food for six months consisted of black bread and tea. But they did not complain. One hears the same thing from the republic now. Dr. Alice Masaryk, the president's daughter, called on an old lady who had given her husband and sons to the war “for Liberty,” and had not even any furniture left in her room, and was living on a small ration of soup daily. She showed admirable spirit in this hardship; had not a word of protest, but instead, fell on her knees and begged the daughter visitor to convey to “the little father Masaryk” (as the nation loves to call its beloved President) her thanks for bringing about general freedom. Dr. Alice Masaryk herself was imprisoned for a long time as “a ransom” for her father, who at one time was sentenced to death by Austria.

The Czecho-Slovak Republic came into being without a single citizen's life having been lost. Everything

and everybody stepped into their places naturally and noiselessly—for the country instinctively recognized her “knights of Blanik,” who, according to an old legend, had at last risen from their long sleep, and freed the country. Immediately all the Austrian “emblems” were torn down, and great festivities made over “drowning and burning” the enemy-Eagle and German insignias.

Pupils and teachers were all united in this wonderful transformation, putting up immediately Czech names on the streets and entwining the United States flag with the red and white one of Bohemia; also pulling down images, where originally Hungarians had stood and stand once more, and always singing, singing! The “emblem” of Austria was a two-headed bird, but the symbol of the famous Czech society has only one bird “Sokol” (the Falcon). It has a large shield on the active and energetic present “as a guarantee of the nation's future,” as its founder Tyrs said: This society is founded on the physical training of ancient Greece, and singing naturally takes a large share in its exercises at festivals. It takes an interest in popular education; fights corrupting literature and coarse entertainments; and wherever it is present no police are necessary to keep order. But again singing has a large share in exercises and festivals. F. P. Kotny writes:

“Bohemi! There's not an art

In which they do not excel;
Thy wares were sold in every mart,
And praise from enemies compelled.”



CZECHO-SLOVAK PEASANTS RETURNING FROM THE FIELDS WITH THEIR VIOLINS AND OTHER MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

Except for native garnets (“the blood of Bohemia gone to stone”) and the Bohemian garnets, most of our home-made wares were marked carefully, “made in Germany.” And, owing to German names given by our ever-watchful enemies to our beautiful and world-renowned baths (like Karlsbad, Karlovy, Vary, Marienbad, Mariánské Lázně, Franzensbad-Franstškovy Lázně), many tourists never realized at what they had actually been in Bohemia, and quite near to the beautiful capital Praha (German Prag, English Prague), which Rodin calls “The Rome of the North.”

Count L. K. Now describes as the city “where every stone has its history.”

Even the famous “German” beers, “Pilsner and Budweiser” are really “Pilszänk” and “Budějovické” named after two Bohemian cities!

The well-known lecturer, Mr. Burton Holmes, likes to tell of the great hospitality of Praha, for the Bohemian people are so pleased when strangers visit them and show interest in the country that they cannot do their wants and interests in every way. Well, already “lost Goethe” declared:

“Wo man singt, da lass ich nieder
Wiese Leute leben keine Lieder.”

“Where folk sing, there fear no wrong—
Wicked people have no song.”

Bohemian working people have been known to give preference to a less well-paying position where they were at liberty to sing at their work, to a less-paying situation without that freedom. Our great Slovak artist, Alphons Mucha showed money in his usual and untiring devotion to his art, when other things might have really seemed more necessary to purchase—but music was the greatest necessity of all to him. Yet the character

of the Czecho-Slovak is often like the people of the United States. They are not prone to be angry for artificial grandeur and pomp, but they are very sensitive to the beauty in its simplicity. This love of beauty in the simplicity of nature is proven by their own poetry of soul into every object they embellish or paint; that no two Bohemians are alike, though there be millions ornamented every spring. The Czecho-Slovak is a man of war—Hela's—even Czech would have feared Hela, for he used to be repaid by eggs (fresh ones) for his improvised converts in the Bohemian villages. Even their wall-decorations are pictures of their most tenderly cherished dreams, or again full of sparkling wit and humor—these they never allow to be for the love or pain.

In this connection, it might be of interest to the American public to note that one of the greatest Bohemian pictures was painted by a Czech, Brank; that Harrison Fisher, one of our greatest Bohemian (Anthony Fila) carried the Star-Spangled Banner to the frozen north and south of America in the war parade in New York, which bore the legend: “The Bohemian in the war parade in New York, which bore the legend: ‘We have been fighting the Germans for a thousand years!’”

While Dvořák was not of a markedly social disposition, he established intimate friendship with some of

time he is required to send another composition to the committee as a proof of his progress. Debussy's beautiful "Enfant Prodigue" and many other prominent works are the outcome of such coists. Any pupil winning a vocal prize at the Conservatoire is immediately offered a position either at the Grand Opera or the Opera Comique.

Among the directors of this great institution we find Cherubini, Auber, Ambroise Thomas, and other famous names. Cherubini distinctly showed the limitations of the great composer in the field of teaching. He was a superb teacher of contemporary and so we needed to the stricter school of music that he vehemently opposed his pupil, Hector Berlioz (just as Albrechtsberger was antagonistic to his pupil Beethoven), although Berlioz was he considered the founder of modern orchestration and the father of our programme music.

The true model of the teacher among famous composers was César Franck, who did more for the advancement of French music than all the heads of the Conservatoire, with the great institution at their back. He fairly lived in his classroom, and only his pupils knew of his greatness while he was alive. Gounod found him the antithesis of dullness, and the Paris music critics gave his works the scantiest and most unappreciative of notices. Meanwhile his pupils realized him and called him affectionately "Papa Franck." Among those pupils was Vincent D'Indy (himself now a famous composer-teacher), Duparc, Chausson, Pierné, Auguste Halmès (the French rich-tycoon woman composer), Ropartz, Camille Bonnet, and many more. Surely no composer ever had such a number of disciples, and they all agree that Franck taught them in the most sympathetic and patient manner, and was a friend as well as a mentor, as every true teacher should be.

Franck was always a tremendous student, another characteristic of his teacher. At his sight-reading examination, in the Paris Conservatoire, under Cherubini, when he received a difficult composition to play, he calmly transposed it a third higher, to the amazement of the examiners. In the Public Library of Boston there is a large volume of manuscript figures and other contrapuntal work, written in the neatest of hands, which were merely exercises which Franck wrote in his later years, with no thought of publication.

Von Bülow may also be ranked with good teachers, although he is scarcely to be admitted to the ranks of great composers. But he was insignificant beside Franck. His pupils drained his sarcasm more than the high temper of other teachers. To Schott when singing in the rôle of Lohengrin at a rehearsal he sweetly remarked: "You are not the knight of the Swan, but rather the knight of the Swine" and rehearsals and lessons teemed with such amenities. He made considerable use of Mendelssohn's "Songs Without Words" and if a pupil spoke slightly of them he would say: "They will be played when you and I are forgotten!" It may be interesting to know that Chopin, Von Bülow, and Rubinstein all chose No. 1 of the set as the best.

Rubinstein as a teacher of piano was not quite as successful as his brother Nikolas. His temper fre-

quently got the better of him and he sometimes became violent. Once he was tamed by the Grand Duchess Hélène. She had made some errors in her playing, when Rubinstein suddenly seized the music and threw it on the floor. "One is not to be so easily tamed," he calmly remarked the aristocratic pupil. Rubinstein did so. At many lessons, when the pupils were floundering, Rubinstein would calm their nerves by erasing his hand from the keyboard or upon the floor. He did this so frequently that a callous finally gathered upon his right hand. He was continually paring this and at last there was quite a hollow in his hand, as may be seen in the cast of it which has been preserved.

We have classed Franck as the most influential of teachers, and so he was in the strict sense. But if instead of pupils we put disciples, Liszt was the greatest composer-teacher. "Pupil of Liszt" almost always means merely that the wearer of the title was present at the Sunday morning sances at Liszt's villa in Weimar. Every good pianist in Weimar was invited to these, and they were indeed lessons of a certain kind. Liszt would invite one and another of the pianists to play, and would comment upon their work. One can imagine the severe test of playing, with Liszt leaning over and commenting, and a double row of great pianists crowding around in a semicircle, watching every movement and treasuring up every remark. The late Professor Carl Baermann told me that he got the greatest good of the lesson in thinking over it afterwards, for Liszt often spoke in parables. He was saying about the Chopin rubato is well known. He pointed to the trees outside, swinging in the breeze. "The tiny twigs are swinging to and fro; the larger branches are swinging in the breeze, and at last, at last, our readers puzzle this out; it is a very sensible definition.

A pianist once played in a rickety tempo at one of these "lessons." "A cab going over the Weimar cobblestones!" muttered Liszt.

Many of the sayings are too well known to repeat here, but that Liszt sometimes got angry with his pupils is true. He had a half-audible chuckle when he was amused. Once while standing before a pianist at one of the Sunday morning gatherings, he made a joke at the expense of the artist. A world-famous pianist, then a real "pupil of Liszt," standing behind him, chuckle, playfully gave the chuckle aforesaid, but Liszt's keen ears heard it, and a sudden box on the ear came swiftly to the astonished Riny, as a warning against such dangerous mimicry.

Our chief American composers have all been taught by conservatories or colleges. Prof. John K. Paine was the first of these, in Harvard College, but Macdowell, Horatio Parker, Chadwick, and others are proving the American composer's value in teaching, and these men have founded music courses in America which now take rank with the best curriculum abroad. Our native composers have proved their value as practical teachers even more thoroughly than the composers of any European country.

Do Your Fingers Follow Your Eye?

By Nannette van Arlsne

PLAYING at sight is dependent largely upon the coordination between the eye and the fingers. Prove this for yourself. Take a simple composition, the key of C Major. When you meet a triad like this:



or a scale passage like this:



or a plain arpeggio like this:



your fingers will instantaneously form themselves to play it, and there will be no interruption in the rhythm. But when your eye meets this:



or this:



the reading will not run smoothly. Why? Because your mind and eye must detach themselves from their task of reading, to help the fingers find their place on the keyboard. When this happens frequently in the course of a composition, it is easy to see why the reading is not smooth and continuous.

The cure for this is educating the fingers, so that they will swiftly adjust themselves to whatever combination the eye sees on the page. The crossings in scales and arpeggios must be so much a matter of habit that they are performed without thought. It needs concentrated practice to bring about this coordination between the eye and the fingers. Practice the various combinations in chords and running passages till they are as obvious to the muscles, as their contents are to the scanning eye. Practice them until they are as familiar as the triads in the simpler keys. Practice them until you cannot be puzzled by any of them. And you will find that in a magic way you have become a good sight player.

Marks of Expression

By Leonora Sill Ashton

"WHAT can there be to say about marks of expression? They explain themselves." I hear some one say.

There is, at least, this to say about them. Like self-evident facts of other types, they often stand utterly unnoticed and neglected.

Let there be an unvarying rule for your pupils: For every note or chord that you play, stop and think. What quality of sound that note or chord is meant to have."

This, of course, presupposes the fact that the marks of expression are all well grounded in the pupil's mind, and to obtain this knowledge a careful study must be given those marks from the very first lesson.

Every music scholar should own a musical dictionary, but some of your pupils will be very young—too young to be burdened with many ideas at one time. It is, therefore, a very practical plan to make a typewritten or plainly printed list of the ordinary marks of expression, and place it in the hands of each pupil, requiring him to learn three for each lesson as follows:

The mark, the word it stands for, the meaning of the word, and the kind of tone it commands.

Such a list would be somewhat like this:

P—Piano—diminishing power of tone.

PP—Pianissimo—extremely soft.

F—Forte—loud—strong.

FF—Fortissimo—very loud.

Cr—Crescendo—increasing power of tone.

Dim—Diminuendo—diminishing power of tone.

Con Moto—With motion.

A Tempo—In time.

Poco a Poco—Little by little.

Andante—Moderately slow, moving.

Allegro—Quick time.

Then during the lesson, place music at random before the pupil and have him institute a search for the three signs of expression, which have constituted his particular lesson for that day. Not once, but twice and three or four times have him find the marks in the strange music, which he cannot even play. This will train his eyes to single out these signs.

Then take music with which he is familiar—his own little studies, and have him apply the meaning which he has gained from the lesson.

This will be a sure foundation for good ear training and intelligent interpretation in playing. In the repetitions of the daily practice insist upon one practice at least being given up entirely to regarding the marks of expression.

In the performance of this never mind mistakes, or awkward fingers, or any other faults in playing. These things must be dealt with later. One cannot think of everything at one stage.

Once a day the student should play his studies and pieces through with these ideas, and these alone, in his mind: that this note should be played softly; the next a gradual crescendo, reading loud and very loud notes in the next; that these should be followed by a diminuendo; and so on. An "expression practice" this might be called.

It is a well-known fact that many pupils when they have learned the notes and acquired a certain technical efficiency feel that a composition is conquered. It is this "empty" playing against which the teachers of America must strive.

It must not be forgotten for granted that children are of music. Simply the method of producing varied sounds is not always given them. This method consists of the old, old rule of concentration, not only on the thing at a time till that thing is conquered, and becomes, almost unconsciously, a part of oneself.

Train your pupils to watch for the marks of expression, and to apply them in their playing, and as the time goes on you will be able to notice that they printed marks—but a trained ear, and discriminating musical intelligence.

The teacher or other worker who tries to give a minimum of effort for a maximum of salary has only himself to blame if he eventually has to reverse his salary, and go to a maximum of effort for a minimum of salary.

Why Music is the Soul of Czechoslovakia

By Mary Fulton Gibbons

Mrs. Gibbons, a member of a distinguished American family of scholars, writers, and public men, was born in Pittsburgh. She studied music at the University of Pennsylvania, under Dr. Clarke, and violin under Henry Schram.

It was on the crowded platform at Pretov in the heart of Bohemia, the little station where you change trains going from Pisek down to Vienna. The people were not in the festive mood in spite of the brightly costumed women and the men wearing hats variously decorated with shimmering tinted rosettes and flowers of every hue. This all meant that the men gathered here so bedecked had been picked for the army and were now off to war in earnest, their loved ones crying, but they still the last minute. Many were giving, but the mad and prevailing generally was one of silent suspense too deep for tears. Suddenly a strange engine came rumbling up the tracks with a shrill, still stranger whistle blowing. It was a freight train, most of the box cars filled to suffocation with Russian prisoners. In the middle, subdued tone a woman near me, clutching her man tighter, said:

"You going to kill them? Never! Never!"

That moment another car rolled up, a tall, handsome Russian officer standing alone in the door. As he came just opposite me a few feet away he looked at my violin tucked under my arm, smiled the friendliest smile in the world, clicked his spurs and saluted. Of course, I smiled back and waved. The privates in the other cars smiled back, and like an explosion hats and scarfs on the platform, colors, flowers, tint and all went into the air with hilarious cheers. An old crowd next me rescued my violin just as it was falling from my two officials, and leaning angrily into my face said in German:

"Inciting to riot you are, encouraging the enemy. Treason! What shall we do with you?"

Let go of my arms please first," I answered with an affected calm. "The Russian officer saluted and greeted—no me and not you, but the violin, the soul of Bohemia—Music!" The official expressions changed immediately. They looked at me with new eyes, and I let go of my arms without further protest. They let go of my arms without another word and walked away. But many a man with a tin in his hat was not so fortunate that day on the platform at Pretov. Those poor creatures were dragged off to languish without trial in a prison, damp and dark, because they cheered, thereby "encouraging and sympathizing with the enemy!" * * *

It was long after the war, and the Russian from the thrilling news that came back from the front. The mind: that these various Czechish regions had succeeded in getting over to the Russian side and were fighting for the liberation of their country! I wonder whether we have stopped to think how much the political situation of a country influences the cultivation of the arts and especially that of music? In a compact little country like Bohemia, which for generations has been the vassal of a great dynasty like the house of Hapsburg, the desire to be free grows deep-rooted in every nook and cranny of the land. The chiefs in Parliament at the seat of a government like Austria have been principally the wealthy and oftenest the noble land owners who, for the sake of keeping their dominions intact, and, therefore, their own purse-purses full, have been slow to give up the suppression of individual opinion regarding the moral injustice of the masses' meager representation in Parliament.

And the comparatively small and unfair wage the scholar, peasant and factory worker receives for his labor. But the human being is not so happy must be able to express. One great reason, then, why the nobles have voted large appropriations in Parliament for the education of the masses in music is that the people able to express their feelings through music have in this way an outlet for their energies and emotions. They are happier and more contented, therefore, with their social conditions around them. This theory applies to the nobles themselves in another way. On the other hand they love music

because it makes them happy, and while diverted from the sorrowful about them are able to be indifferent to the suffering and struggles of their neighbors, which, of course, they could alleviate if they would! Giving, therefore, their money and votes to develop music and art in the land, they unconsciously perhaps, yet very truly, condone—yes, even justify in their own minds—laws which tyrannize them politically, socially and economically.

Let us say that if a man really and truly thought, and felt what he thought, he would go mad if he had not diversion in the form of music, the drama, art and literature. Here in Bohemia, where the people's soul has, through popular oppression, been so long forlorn, the expression of ideals and emotion through the spoken word and public press, how wonderful that the deepest expression of their nation's soul is now being heard around the world through that most spiritual eloquent and convincing of voices—Music. The continued study of music in the school system of the land, vocal, theoretical and instrumental, and the exceptionally fine training young men receive later under the Government's leadership while serving their time in the army, playing in the military bands, is a great incentive for many a boy of humble birth. His family and friends take great pride in his being a musician, and go to concerts in his honor. So it is that so many of Bohemia's hardy sons of toil become initiated into the beauties and charms of music. With familiar songs and pieces as with our neighbors, and books, we are most sympathetic toward those with whom we have had the opportunity of becoming acquainted. The military concerts by the soldiers' bands and orchestras, both indoors and out, winter and summer, are a great source of diversion, pleasure and education to Bohemia's masses.

They look forward to the music of the masses, and enthusiastically swell the number of intelligent audiences; the very souls of communities are in time knit together by this general love of music. Mutual affections are strengthened, and sympathies arise that cannot be expressed in words, for is not music the language which goes on expressing after human words through their very inexpressible cease to convey our feelings and emotions? In quiet little Pisek, the strangest, most uncanny sounds I ever heard came up through my window one hour from the cobblestone court below. These sounds emerged from the shoemaker's shop with an ever-varying pitch and quality of tone. I decided to wait for my dinner, and when I went out to investigate the sounds before the cobbler went back to his shoes. My knock at his door was unanswered. A dog moaned and yelped long and hard in a neighbor's garden, beginning with the girl up above the open window drew her bow across the strings of a shrill unanswerable violin. The neighbors, too, were up in arms until the girl was given her mellow wonderful Amati and the ugly violin was disposed of. After that the dog was happy, his moans ceased, and the whole neighborhood was once more at peace.

So the many good instruments in Czechoslovakia, and their moderate price are lasting reasons why music is the soul of that part of the world. Then, too, the principles of violin study and instruction have been through long and intensive experiment resulted in making the road to proficiency shorter and easier, so that at an early age boys and girls are initiated into the fascinations of playing "ensembles" of string quartets, quintets, sextets and singing in choruses. They very soon overcome technical difficulties, which are such a stumbling-block to the young, aspiring musician, and the more they play and sing, the more they want to continue their musical studies. Outdoor sports are not so popular as in England and America and as it is not customary for young men to call often on young ladies, much of the boys' time is spent in America, and the girls in the football and calling is over there devoted to music. Home gatherings for singing and playing are a universal custom, the most convivial mood of good will and sociability existing at these times, and is not the same as the usual, usually the spirit of a nation? The musical

ample opportunities for becoming acquainted with musical life in that part of Czechoslovakia in this interesting article reveals—Look for THE ETUDE.

heavy cloth was hung over his window, the door remaining tight shut; and all was silent within for a moment after I knocked. In a minute the sounds continued. They were indeed busy with those hours, but it was all a secret and intended as such for curious neighbors. During the following weeks these sounds grew not a bit more uncanny, but instead surprisingly accurate and musical. Before long this little band of enthusiasts, soldiers thirty years before and failures of the bill overlooking the market place. Everybody of grown-up sons, gave a concert all their own at the was delighted. Their instruments (excavated from attics, relics of soldier days) had been mended and put in shape by the cobbler, and many of us students who had been brought up to think ourselves a little better because we came from our own work, and that we could afford to pay ten dollars an hour for our reasons, became disillusioned on the spot as we recognized the porter who shined our shoes, playing cornet; the coachman who carried us and our trunks, blowing the trombone, and our good-souled cobbler, who had saved us many a laboring man, leading his little hand with gusto and authority.

You ask, how can the shoeing man with his large family and small wages afford to buy the many violins and other instruments with their accessories ever needing so sorely to be replaced? These things all come yes, but for don't you want to be a musician? Necessity is the mother of invention, and as long as music is the source of greatest happiness to Czechoslovakians, to gain their end the people will continue to rely on their own resourcefulness in making their own musical instruments. The forest, growing almost to the gates of villages, provide the proper wood for making stringed instruments, and it has for a long time been the profession of almost whole towns to make violins. These violins sound well, made with care and are within the reach of every purse, some very good ones to be had for even \$5. This is one reason why the violin is so popular. Strings, too, are good, durable, and true, plentiful, therefore inexpensive. But pianos are expensive comparatively and scarce. This is a reason why there are not so many fine pianists as otherwise there might be.

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Czecho-Slovak Popular Music

From the French of H. Jelinek

Few nations possess such poetic and musical genius as the Czecho-Slovaks. Held down for so long a time under the iron hand of German domination, the Czecho-Slovaks have been a race in a state of introspection, thrown back upon itself. And this has resulted in a marked individuality, unique in its way, and expressed in all that they do, particularly in the matter of artistic creation. Even more than France, the people have lived in intimate rapport with Nature. All their circumstances of their life, every experience of their soul, is reflected naturally and spontaneously in their everyday songs. All the territory essentially Czech, using the language and customs of the majority of the nation—Bohemia, Moravia, Silesia and Northern (Slovak) Hungary—present an incomparable wealth of modern popular verse and music.

In Bohemia, where progress of civilization has been very rapid, since 1848, the popular song died upon the lips of the common people, the fact was noted and verified as early as 1864, by K. J. Erlan. Folk song is too delicate a bloom to withstand the smoke and dust of the locomotive. And the nooks and corners of the mountains of Moravia and Slovakia, which have been drawn into the light of modern civilization by the widening paths of the railroads—these have always the veritable sorrows of the heart songs of the people. It is only the Slovaks of the southern provinces who sing. Here one may still see, during the lovely twilight of the south, the Slovak lads stroll about the village, singing their melodies, all of languor, melancholy, or sparkling with provocative rhythm.

The more ancient the Czecho-Slovak popular tale back to the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, though the bulk of the modern ones belong in the eighteenth. All the vicissitudes of the Czecho-Slovaks—their woes, their follies, their light-hearted and effervescent gaiety, their droll humor, and flashing wit, their sense of sorrow, and their melancholy of despair—all this is written into the songs of the Czech nation. They are full of an inimitable grace and subtle charm, passionate and often as poignant as the music of the Orient. Both verse and melody are characteristic of the extraordinary gamut of Czech feeling and thought. They present, from a point of view both musical and poetic, the profound divergence of the respective chronological groups which compose the Czecho-Slovak nation.

These songs express fully the lively, healthy, child-like spirit of the inhabitants of the plains of Bohemia. The country is very fertile and a living is gained without too great an abridgment of leisure time. There are many leisure hours for the cultivation of musical thought. This Bohemian music is made up of gay rhythmic dances and love songs tinged with gallantry and wit, good-humored wit. But the more ancient songs are of a serious mold—they suggest the music of the church, old chorales, dignified and measured. Perhaps the songs of the Czech nation, the Slav portions of the country are as gay as the sunshine, and bubbling over with an effervescent like the beading of champagne in a crystal glass. Quaffers of wine, dancers indefatigable, they are without exception, excellent singers and musicians. Nothing is more interesting to them than to take part in a village dance or festival. Then one sees the spirit of the Czecho-Slovak flash out in a score of ways—the young men and girls in fine costumes resembling, as they dance and swing, the inimitable rhythm, a great field of tulips in a summer breeze. Every one in a while the commands of the dance captain ring out, as vigorous and clear as a horn down the wind. And the dance whirls faster and faster. The abandon of the dance never robs the rhythm of its exaltation. These people have a natural and inalienable gift for rhythm, and the more marked since they can take their life with it, as in their characteristic symphony and rubato.

Less happy than these songs from the isolated mountain scene are those from the densely populated villages and towns. Here the Czecho-Slovak has the same old and the gallant straining of the Slav against it, which have given the strain a deep melancholy, and a beauty as strange as it is sublime.

A special kind of song to be found in the Bohemian or Brezian. These are the songs of the famous Slovak bandits, Janosik, a sort of legendary character upon whom the people of the past have hung a thousand stringing tales. He has become, indeed, the incarnation of popular justice, the symbol of the revolt of a little people against the German oppressor.

Janosik is a veritable historical personage, a young, valiant man who, in times past, revolted against his brutal feudal lord, and gathering together other young men as spirited as himself, fled to the mountains. From their hidden caves, they made sorties upon the neighboring estates, for vengeance for what the virtual slaves had endured from the barons, and for sustenance.

These brigands, outlawed from the common life, became rich and powerful in their own sphere, and while cruel and overbearing with that class which had oppressed them, they were kind and generous with the peasantry and the poor people of the nation. For many years they were the *bête noir* of the Hungarian authorities.

Crouched around their fire, the Slovak shepherds pass their evenings chanting plaintive love songs or ballads of their hero, Janosik, and his eleven comrades. Then, enveloped in their cloaks, they lie down near their herds under the stars, to dream of the sweetest "galinks" of all—the girl of their heart!

These idylls—the common musical and poetical speech of the race—are here (as in all lands) condemned and disparaged by those who declare for the so-called "higher" forms of art. Tragically, the most beautiful of the love songs of the Czech people—the Moravians, the Bohemians, the Silesians, and the Slovaks—have been noted and conserved. It remains for the "intellectuals" to see to it that these treasures are not allowed to pass into desuetude.—From *Musica*.

How To Make a Simple Metronome

By William E. Warner, A.R.C.O.

A useful kind of metronome, similar to the one illustrated in this article, can easily be constructed by any pupil. It shows the number of swings per minute marked by a pendulum, which can be adjusted to any length.

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THE ETUDE	
No. of swings per minute	Length of Thread in inches
60	39.2
63	38.5
66	37.8
69	37.1
72	36.4
75	35.7
78	35.0
81	34.3
84	33.6
87	32.9
90	32.2
93	31.5
96	30.8
99	30.1
102	29.4
105	28.7
108	28.0
111	27.3
114	26.6
117	25.9
120	25.2
123	24.5
126	23.8
129	23.1
132	22.4
135	21.7
138	21.0
141	20.3
144	19.6
147	18.9
150	18.2
153	17.5
156	16.8
159	16.1
162	15.4
165	14.7
168	14.0
171	13.3
174	12.6
177	11.9
180	11.2
183	10.5
186	9.8
189	9.1
192	8.4
195	7.7
198	7.0
201	6.3
204	5.6
207	4.9
210	4.2
213	3.5
216	2.8
219	2.1
222	1.4
225	0.7

To use the Metronome, adjust the thread so that the center of the weight is opposite the number of beats required. The free end of the cotton can then be looped round a drawing pin fixed in a suitable position in the side of the wood, thus leaving the weight at the desired height. The whole apparatus should be secured to a wall, or fixed on a suitable stand or bar.

A Metronome of this type will not, of course, serve all the purposes of the ordinary kind of instrument, as the well-known "tick" of the latter is absent; but it is a most useful means of ascertaining the rate marked at the beginning of a piece of music. By construction of such metronome makes a very interesting subject for a class-lesson, and has a special appeal to boy pupils, who generally appreciate having "something to make."

Dvořák as I Knew Him

(Continued from page 601)

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An Original Method of Teaching

One of our readers has sent in a statement of a method of procedure in teaching which she has worked out, and which has been productive of excellent results in her work. It is worth while presenting to the teachers who read the *Round Table*, and who are anxious of knowing what others have accomplished. We herewith present it, albeit somewhat abbreviated:

My idea is that pupils should give the same attention in their music lessons as they do in their school work, and I believe one cause for the common lack of interest is the absence of competition. It seems to me that, if piano study could be carried on more after the manner of daily school work, more interest would be shown and practice would not be so burdensome, as each one would strive not to be outdone by his classmates.

With four in a class have each one pay the regular fee for one hour lesson a week. This class meets five times a week in practically the usual way. After the class is well started it meets three times a week for a one-hour period. For first finger movements seat the four at one table and teach correct positions of arms, hands and fingers, then correct movements.

Each pupil in this gets his share of individual attention during the important time of formation. The keyboard, note-reading, ear training, etc., may be taken up from the first day in practically the usual way, by writing and reading notes away from the piano, and also locating them on the keyboard. Pupils may take their turns at the blackboard, and at the piano, and in a little later melodies, and tests in note reading, sight-reading and writing may be held, and of course, it is the aim of everyone to stand high, and each accordingly works with more enthusiasm. With day after day, but pupils, thinking "I must know these two or three lines by tomorrow," get busy at once, and do not put off their tasks from day to day, as is too often the case. Each pupil will, of course, have a study book and practice hour at home. The new *Beginners Book* may be made the basis of study for regular work and *Musical Ideas for Beginners*, by Marion Keston, may also be used as a first book on elements and keyboard harmony, etc., the little songs in it being excellent for recreation.

I have also thought that this plan could be extended in a similar manner to second, third and fourth grade pupils, but do not know of its having been tried. Three pupils of same stage of advancement, say third grade, could meet three times weekly for one hour, or twice for one and one-half hours, as desired. In this scheme, which can, of course, be varied for the different people.

Lesson 1

- Scale and arpeggio.
- Studies—Mathews, Grade III.
- Keyboard harmony, ear training, etc.
- Stories of music and musicians.

Lesson 2

- First exercises—Hanon's Virtuoso Pianist.
- Studies for outside work—Czerny, Duvernoy or others.
- Consideration of development of technique in a greater way.

Lesson 3

- Pieces, solos and double numbers.
- Memorizing.
- In this demonstrative work each pupil may have his turn at the piano, while the others may observe and touch by one another's correctness as to reading, style, tonality, etc., or errors, as the case may be. This manner of procedure leads them to listen more closely, and each pupil should endeavor to play more smoothly and correctly from the simple fact of seeing some one else do so, and thinking—"I can do as well as that, too, if I try hard enough."

The Teachers' Round Table

Conducted by N. J. CORREY

This department is designed to help the teacher upon questions pertaining to "How to Teach," "What to Teach," etc., and not technical problems pertaining to Musical Theory, History, etc., all of which properly belong to the Musical Questions Answered department. Full name and address must accompany all inquiries.

It seems to me that this is capable of indefinite development and consequent advantage to the student. I have had some pupils who came for their lessons and their progress was so much more rapid than usual I was led to work on the foregoing, which has proved very successful so far as I have been able to carry it; but would like to know the opinion of the *Round Table* in regard to it.

Miss Marie C. Dosh, who is the originator of this scheme, shows herself a progressive teacher, and a part of the forward movement that is so wide-spread as to seem atmospheric. Others have thought of similar plans in past years, but have found it difficult to command so much of the student's time in connection with their school work. I have always wished that pupils might have daily lessons, for by them the thoroughly learned missing that they bring to the weekly lessons might be prevented in large measure. We hope Miss Dosh may be permitted to try her ideas "to the limit," as it would be most interesting to know the ultimate result, and if successful with her why not with others?

In the same mail came a letter from a teacher in the far west who was an honor pupil during his education days when he had the highest advantages with teachers, a brilliant player, and according to usual standards a most successful teacher for years, but who is suffering from compunctions of conscience and wondering if his work is not a "failure." In spite of the many letters from former teachers as to how they feel, he feels that they are sadly lacking in real musical education. He is especially concerned as to the untalented majority, but he is not alone in this. Every teacher finds these his greatest problem. He "unloads" his mind very frankly, and shows a desperation that indicates he still has a hold on the amusing side of life. His thoughts will strike a responsive chord in thousands of teachers' hearts, and they will, as well as, so, make a quotation or two, which readers will find most instructive.

"I took a half dozen dozens and gave them a daily lesson in music generally—writing, sight-reading, rhythm, etc., in fact everything I could think of that I considered essential to real progress. And I took the worst members of my class—pupils with undeveloped rhythm in all senses and untalented. My work with these has convinced me that all my other pupils are not being taught correctly; that I am leaving too much on their shoulders. Two-half hours with me a week, and then telling their mothers 'see to it that they practice' etc., in fact everything I could think of that I considered essential to real progress. And I took the worst members of my class—pupils with undeveloped rhythm in all senses and untalented. My work with these has convinced me that all my other pupils are not being taught correctly; that I am leaving too much on their shoulders. 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Pen Pictures of Dvořák

By Jennie Leighton

WHILE Dvořák was director of the Conservatoire of Prague he had charge of the detached class in composition. Often he surprised the students with questions, brusque and irrelevant. One day he demanded brusquely:

"Who was Mozart?" (Does anyone know who Mozart was?)

Each one made his own answer—"The great Classical," "A pupil of Haydn," "The predecessor of Beethoven," "The precursor of Romanticism," etc. etc.

At each response Dvořák shook his head.

"Well," he observed at last, "no one has answered my question."

There was silence in the class room.

Then, suddenly, Dvořák beckoned the first pupil to him, and bade him look out of the window which gave to the sky.

"Excuse me master," said the terrified student, "but I see nothing at all."

"What?" demanded Dvořák. "You see nothing? You don't see the sun?"

"Yes," admitted the discomfited pupil. "I see it."

"Why, then," he asked gravely, "did you not answer my question, 'Who is Mozart?'"

He took the pupil by the shoulders and turned him round to face the class.

"Remember this," he bade them solemnly. "Mozart is the Sun."

Dvořák once wrote to his publisher, Simrock, in Berlin, "As to my symphony (*D Minor*) it is—thank God—finished, and will have its premiere in London in April. Another interesting family event—a new opera—is at a son. A Symphony and a boy! What a terrific force of creation, eh?"

Dvořák had a passion for birds. Particularly for pigeons, in whose breeding he was a fancier of more than amateur ability. On his estate at Vysoka he used to pass hours in their culture and care. One time he asked a guest, M. Nedbal, who stood watching the flocks alighting about them:

"Which pigeon do you think the handsomest?"

M. Nedbal, who did not know much about the birds, designated one slim and svelte and with shining plumage.

"That one," he replied.

Dvořák looked at him with a sort of humorous pity. Just then a young peasant servant approached with a tray containing the morning coffee, which he carried carefully to a nearby arbor. Her master hailed her.

"Autette! Tell me—which is the most beautiful of the Beethoven Symphonies?"

The young girl looked at him stupidly without a word.

Dvořák to his guest, shrugging his shoulders, in a sort of humorous despair. "You see," he observed, "she knows just as much about Beethoven as you know about pigeons."

M. ZUBATY, who is now professor at the Czech University, is an excellent musician. In 1888 he accompanied Dvořák on a trip to London. The rooms in which they slept overlooked a park. And at night these windows were left open for the air. One night M. Zubaty was awakened by a noise. In another moment the electric light was flashed on, and there stood Dvořák very much agitated.

"Listen!" he commanded. "There it is again! By heaven, this time is the last—I will not let it recur!"

With this Dvořák vociferous with rage, went into the next room in search of his clothes. Now the clothes had been removed to be cleaned and pressed, and search was awakened by a noise. In another moment the electric light was flashed on, and there stood Dvořák very much agitated.

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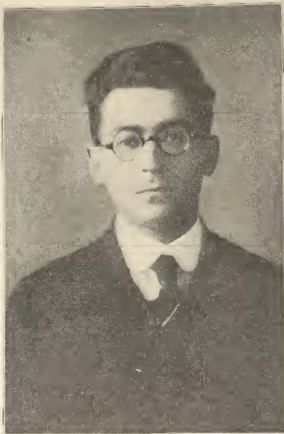
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A. Louis Scarmolin

A. LOUIS SCARMOLIN was born in 1880 and began his musical education at the age of ten, first under the guidance of his father, then at the New York College of Music, where he studied piano, harmony and composition.

He began very early to manifest a talent for composition. One of his published songs was written at the age of 14. Having been musically very active since that time he has to his credit to-day over 200 compositions of every description. In 1915 he became connected with Boosey & Co., for which concern he has written quite a number of piano pieces and songs that are being played and sung by some of our leading artists. Among these is *Will the Rose Forget?* which won a prize in *The Globe* contest in 1917, and has been sung by David Bispham.

In 1917 he entered the United States Army, serving with the A. E. F. forces for two years as assistant bandmaster. It was while in the army that he wrote the song, *We'll Keep Old Glory Flying*, which has been sung from continent to continent.

At present, he is working on a grand opera, to a libretto by A. Rubens, a young playwright.

Imitation and Creation

By Carol Sherman

MUSIC is known as a plastic art because it is capable of being moulded. The average musician lover thinks that when the composer has put his notes down on paper his work is done. Nothing of the sort. The work is only begun. There is a kind of path of correctness which all players of the piece will observe. The notes must be right, the time must be right, the rhythm must be right and the phrasing must be right, but there is yet all kinds of room for creative effort. It is for this reason that the player must always think earnestly while playing so that the interpretation will not be a mere imitation of what the teacher or some other player has done but a creation, an original new living thing. It is interesting to compare the talking machine records of different pianists playing the same piece and note the decided difference in interpretation—creation. If they all imitated one model their playing would be uninteresting. Carlyle made this distinction.

"Skill imitates: genius creates."

BEWARE of "burning the midnight oil" in your practice, unless it is a case of "that or nothing." You will accomplish much more by what you do earlier in the day.

The morn. look you, furthers a man on his road, and furthers him too in his work."—HESIOD.

Soulful Fingers

By John Kern

"Only the performer whose soul and fingers are one can be a great interpreter."—CARL CZERNY.

Few people know what a remarkable educator Czerny was. Not content with writing almost every imaginable form of technical exercise (he wrote over one thousand studies) he recorded his opinions upon piano-playing with unusual clearness. He was very fond of musical history and insisted upon his pupils reading his own *Review of Musical History*, now long since his out of date. He was the logical link between his teacher, Beethoven, and his pupil, Franz Liszt. While he is thought of now as a deviser of finger gymnastics of a somewhat mechanical kind, he was, in his day, very insistent upon soulful expression. He realized, however, that before the fingers and the soul could become one, the fingers must themselves be freed from physiological hindrances—they must be drilled and drilled and drilled until the beauties of the soul could be told through the fingers.

The Drudgery of It

By Martin Y. Gilhooley

DREAD DRUDGERY AND FAIR.

THIS should be one of the most conspicuous molasses in the music room. Paderewski, whose beginnings were very humble in the musical world (he is said to have taught in an German Conservatory for twenty-five dollars a month), always appreciated the need for drudgery. Once he said to the Princess Victoria: "Genius is three-quarters drudgery." The little girl playing at five-finger exercises finds it hard to think of them as one of the paths that lead to great success. She is inclined to think that the Paderewskis and the Galli Curdis have leaped into fame as a gorgeous moon moth breaks its chrysalis and sails forth full blown in a single night. They forget the drudgery of the caterpillar's spinning and weaving away until the cocoon of dull, uninteresting grey is finished. If Paderewski confesses to drudgery, what about you who may not have had the talent that Paderewski had? Surely you should not be afraid of drudgery.

A Belated Contribution

By Señor Alberto Jonás

(Señor Jonás was invited to send an appreciation of Rachmaninoff for our (October) Rachmaninoff issue, but this arrived too late for use at that time.)

THE true worth of a composer is seldom gauged accurately during his lifetime. Mendelssohn, while he lived, was certainly ranked a composer greater by far than Schumann. Yet, Time has slowly adjusted matters, and Schumann's inherent and lasting life and power have been recognized equal, if not far superior, to Mendelssohn's.

Rachmaninoff's fame rests on the *C minor* and *G minor* Preludes. Lovely creations are: his *G major Prelude*, his *Melodie in E major*, his *Serenade*; interesting are his *Poëtielle* and his *Barcarolle*. Are these sufficient to place him among the great? The answer is obvious. No. Rachmaninoff has written more, though two piano concertos, the style of which is, as the French say, *tourmenté*. In its latest grand first piano concerto, played by the author himself in New York this winter, it is more grateful. His symphonic poem, *The Isle of Death*, after the picture by Böcklin, is a notable example of clever orchestration. All in all, the output of this gifted man is meager for the spark of genius lives in him. His larger works show a lack of balance which, possibly, may be superseded by a more homogeneous style in his later works.

Paul Bourget describes in one of his novels three types of art: First, he who is great in his creation and likewise great in his personality. Second, he who is little worthy as a man, but whose artistic creations are great. Thirdly, he who is mediocre when viewed from both standpoints. In which class does Rachmaninoff belong? Whatever the answer, this fact remains: he is a strikingly interesting personality, and a composer from whom much should be expected—far more than the beautiful specimens of his talent that he has given us.

THE TIN SOLDIER

A clever characteristic piece, well harmonized, a good recital piece. Grade 2 1/2

Vivo M.M. ♩ = 116

crescendo sempre *accelerando* *ff*

Modto ma con moto M.M. ♩ = 84 2/4

p ben misurato

Last time to Coda

CODA *p dolce* *palmato* *dim* *pp*

Last time only

Un poco piu mosso M.M. ♩ = 104

p legato

D.C.

E.R. KROEGER

DANCE OF THE SNOWFLAKES

MAZURKA

GEORGE DUDLEY MARTIN

A study in rhythm and in light finger work. A good recital number Grade 3.

Moderato M.M. $\text{♩} = 126$

mp

mf

p

mp

legato

mf *spiritoso*

dolce

p

cresc.

mf

dolce

a tempo

rall.

p

rit.

mf

f

p

mf

p

legato

f

Fine

mp

p

D.S. al Fine

dim.

p

PRIMO

ff

f

mf

ff

mf

mf

f

mf

mf

f

ff

mf

sf

Fine

D.C. Trio

THE ETUDE

EOLE
Valse Vive

L.J. OSCAR FONTAINE, Op.155, No.6

A brilliant concert waltz in the French style, to be taken at a rapid and steady pace. A fine recital number. Also published for two pianos, four hands. Grade 5.

Tempo di Valse M.M. $\text{♩} = 72$

Vivo

A brilliant concert waltz in the French style, to be taken at a rapid and steady pace. A fine concert number for pianos, four hands. Grade 5.

Vivo

Tempo di Valse M.M. 68 = 72

ff ma, cato

mf

Ped. simile

rit.

atempo

1 *2*

sf rit.

mf

cresc.

sf

mf

cresc.

last time to coda

ff

ppp

Ped. simile

THE ELBOW

Op. 10, No. 1

John Field

L.h. a tempo

rit.

pp

p

ff brillante

f

8

8

D.S. al Coda

Vivace

CODA

ff

rit a poco

HORSE RACE AT THE COUNTY FAIR

A characteristic little teaching piece of real value. Full of rhythmic charm. Grade 2½.

C. W. KERN

Allegro M.M. =

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Czechoslovak composer, born 1874, Member of the Bohemian string Quartet.

Moderato M.M. = 72

molto espress.

JOS. SUK

a) This lower voice should be well brought out. b) Bring out this middle voice, imitating the theme, rather prominently.

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SOUVENIRS DE CHOPIN

Affording excellent opportunities for the study of phrasing and the artistic use of the pedal. Grade 3½.

Arr. by J. M. BLOSE

Andante M.M. ♩ = 80

p dolce. *ten.* *ten.* *ten.* *ten.* *ten.* *cresc.*

Ped. simile

Largo M.M. ♩ = 48 *ten.*

mf *p rit. e dim.* *Fine* *mf* *ff* *ff* *ff* *ff*

Ped.

Repeat *pp* Molto Largo

mp *mf* *ff* *ff* *ff* *ff* *ff* *ff*

simile *D.S. al Fine*

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Regis. Swell Lieblich Gedact 8' Voix Celestes & 4' flute
Choir Soft 4' flute
Pedal Soft 16' & 4'

An effective soft voluntary or recital piece, displaying the solo steps to good advantage.

Andante M.M. ♩ = 72

FREDERIC LACEY

Manual *p Sw.*

Pedal *p* *Sw. solo Flute off* *mp* *Choir*

THE ETUDE

f *Great* *add violone* *simile* *Sw.*

8 reeds *rall.* *a tempo* *Ch.* *Sw.* *Sw. vox humana with trem.* *Gt. harmonic Flute 4* *violone off* *a tempo* *Sw. vox celeste* *Ped. to Sw.*

Largo *pp* *morendo* *mp* *Ch.* *Sw. add*

ONE SWEETLY SOLEMN THOUGHT

HERBERT RALPH WARD

A very sympathetic and singable setting of a well-known hymn, acceptable alike for church or home.

Andante religioso M.M. = 84

One sweet-ly sol-ern thought Comes to me o'er and
Near-er the great white throne, Near-er the crystal
o'er; I am nearer home to-day than I've ev-er been be-fore. man-y mansions be. Nearer the bound of
sea, Near-er my Father's house Where the
life, Where we lay our bur-dens down; Near-er leav-ing the cross, Near-er gain-ing the
crown; But ly-ing dark-ly be-tween, Wind-ing down thro' the night,
Is the deep and un-known stream To be crossed ere we reach the light.
Je-sus, perfect my trust, Strengthen the hand of my faith; Let me feel Thee
Peel Thee near when my feet are slipping o'er the brink; For it may be I am

near when I stand On the edge of the shore of death; Near-er now than I think, For it may be I am
near-er home, Near-er now than I think.

SAY BUT ONE WORD

C.S. MONTANYE

Two very beautiful songs, suitable for a recital group, or as encore numbers. Thoroughly modern in style.

A. LOUIS SCARMOLIN

Say but one word, One
word I long to hear, dear. Ah, if you grant but this you'd give that joy I miss. Say but one word,
Wak-ing, sleep-ing, I wait, dear. Wait-ing ev-er hear-ing it nev-er, Ah just one word.
Ah just one word, just one word!

CAN YOU TELL ME WHY?

A. LOUIS SCARMOLIN

C.S. Montanye

Andantino semplice

It is ver-y queer But when you are near Ev-ry lit-tle sigh

Past me hur-ries by. In my heart is glad-ness. I know naught of sad-ness. Deep-ly blue the bend-ing sky. Can you tell me why?

Fin appassinato

I have won-dered long Why the rob-in song Sounds when you are near Oh so

sost. *morendo*

glad and clear Like my heart a-sing-ing With a joy it's bring-ing Oft I solve this I must try. Can you tell me why?

mf a tempo *rit.* *morendo*

I think it must be When your face I see, When I feel your touch, Dear, that means so much, And my heart's fond beat-ing

sost. molto *pp* *morendo*

Come sat ev-ry meeting Just be-cause my dear, you see You were made for me.

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Musical Terms Frequently Mispronounced

By E. A. Van Haaren

Assume entering upon a business or profession should know the accurate pronunciation and meaning of all the terms used in that business. This goes without saying. In the profession of music it should be the same. Yet how often we hear budding musicians perpetrating the most absurd and ignorant pronunciations. Here are a few most frequently mispronounced terms. People say:	calma	cum (to rhyme with clam) for cal-ma (molto calma).
accompanist accom-pa-n-y-ist for accom-pa-nist (there are only 4 syllables in this word—not 5).	encore	em-core for ahn-core.
prelude pree-lood for prell-ude (in French approximately Pray-lead).	Masacini	Mas-lag-nee for Mas-lah-nyee.
crecendo cres-end-o for cres-shen-do, may also be for mah-es-to-er-o.	Beethoven	Beeth-oven for Bay-to-ven.
accelerando ac-cel-er-an-do for ac-chel-er-an-do (ch has the sound of tch or of "ch" in church).	overture	over-true for o-ver-ture.
marcato mar-cay-to for mar-cah-to.	Chopin	Chop-pin for Show-pah(n).
pizzicato piz-zi-ca-to for piz-i-cah-to.	Mozart	Mozart for Mo-tart.
cello cel-lo for tchel-lo (like ch in church).	Bach	Baysh for Bahch. (a slur-red "k").
violoncello (vi-lin-sello for vee-o-lon-tchel-lo.	Dvorak	De-vor-ak for Dvor'-shack.
piu mosso py-u mosso for pee-u mos-to.	soprano	so-pra-ni for so-prah'-no.
finale fy-nal for fee-nah'-lay.	allegro	al-lay-gro for al-lay-gro.
pianoforte pian-fo-ter for pee-ah-ni-for-tay.	colla voce	colla vo-see for colla vo'-chay.
decrescendo dee-cres-endo for dee-cres-chent-do.	pedale	pedal for ped-ah'-lay.
	concerto	con-tert-o for con-dair-to.
	da capo	da capo for dah kah'po.
	vibrato	vib-ray-to for vib-rat'-to.
	mezzo forte	mezzo-for-tee for metz-o-for-tay.
	dolcissimo	dol-siss-imo for dol-chiss-o-for-tay.
	tempo primo	tempo pry-mo for temp pree'-mo.
	recitative	res-tay-tive for res'-ta-tee.

Practicing Efficiently

By A. B. Paster

Porus-tell the teacher that they can't produce the needed results on account of the other work which they are compelled to do, and that if they could afford to practice about two or three hours daily all complications would be cleared. One hour a day, systematically employed, is quite enough for young children, and the delicate ones should not overstep it without due consideration. In order to apply this time (one hour daily) effectively I have arranged a program of practice. This outline has lessened the distress for my pupils, and is producing results. There are undoubtedly many others who are also under this handicap of figured time, and if they also will adhere to this program they may be assured positive results. The time table is as follows: Devote ten minutes each to (b) arm, wrist, and finger drill; (c) scales, (c) technical exercises. The remaining half-hour of the time could be devoted to solo playing. A division of this kind may be considered a fair apportioning of labor, for it gives half the time to drill work, and half to applying the drill work. This time table will also be found sufficient to keep a trained player's hands in proper condition, and if spent correctly is more helpful to the student than three hours or more. For, during this long period of time the physical condition of one may lag in energy because of actual fatigue. If, however, one has plenty of time and really must devote more time to practicing it should not be done consecutively, but in set periods, and between periods one should indulge in physical exercises in the open air—exercises that employ the vital muscles of the trunk and legs. At the end of the day's practice one can renew the vitality by deeply breathing in the open air, counting ten (10) while inhaling and ten (10) while exhaling. Repeat this process about ten or twelve times daily. This helps to eliminate the waste matter and to oxygenate the blood stream.

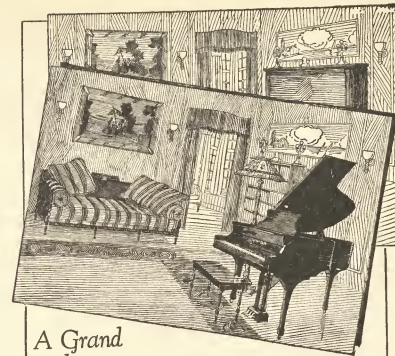
The Orchestral Triangle as an Aid to Rhythm

By Mrs. Susie Bristow

One little way I have of helping the children to keep good time is to have a triangle and as soon as they have a piece well enough beat time as they play. Then I let them beat while I play, sometimes their piece and sometimes, when there is time, a hard one of my own. It is surprising how many children cannot at first beat or keep time with the triangle. How they play as well as they do is a wonder to me.

A triangle may be bought of any large dealer in musical instruments from 50 cents to \$1.00, and rightly used, will prove a most valuable investment. Many children need just such a thing which to awaken their rhythmic sense.

NOTE.—Enter's Dance, by Gracie, edited by Wm. Sherwood, has the places marked where triangle is used. It would be an interesting treat to try your pupil to be allowed to attempt these triangle notes at the proper places while the teacher plays the piece.



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Department for Voice and Vocal Teachers

Edited for November by LOUIS ARTHUR RUSSELL.

"The Human Voice is Really the Foundation of All Music."—RICHARD WAGNER

Tradition, the Vocalist's Bugaboo

By Louis Arthur Russell

TRADITION is an ignis fatuus of history, the hearsay of fact and fancy. The student of music should seek more authentic precept than can ever be offered by tradition, which is based upon nothing more reliable than the caprice of memory. When an artist offers no reason for his interpretation than that it is traditional, he is in unstable ground. Singers who go ahead in search of traditions return with fussy "frills" usually born of the imagination of the "masters" to whom they have paid honest American dollars. We have seen vocal scores blackened by pencil marks denoting "traditional breathing places," "traditional nuances," "traditional interpolations of embellishments, etc., to which are usually coupled the name of some dead artist. The teachers who "sell" these "traditions" are often fraudulent pretenders.

The voice of the dead has a great charm for many people, but it is usually in the class with superstition. Tradition is a "bugaboo" which has held the spirit of truth and the spirit of progression in chains for centuries and has kept the living of all ages in the control of the dead, whose "mannerisms" have often lied as they "revealed" the voice of other days.

Music, especially vocal music, because of its essentially spiritual nature and its evanescent physical characteristics, has been a fruitful field for the befooling of its votaries through the watchword of tradition, and with all the enlightenment of the twentieth century we are still laboring under the incubus of superstition in our art as well as in other branches of spirit and mind culture.

Worthy Traditions

There are worthy traditions in all walks of life, but these are of the spirit and abstract, and are all written in the pages of history, needing no special necromancy or clairvoyant "professor" for their revealing.

The traditions of a nation, of a sect, or of a class, bespeak this general spirit: but the written law offers the only tangible guide or rule for faith and practice. The spirit of "Magna Charta" or "Plymouth Rock" may be evoked to exalt us in our strivings for a better society, but the traditions give us only the abstract of the latter purposes of historic days and of the ideals of the pioneer progressive souls, reaching for man's rights; the tangible results are written large in recorded fact. Traditions of value only in so far as they square with the laws of progress, or virtue and morality, of taste and sense in art.

When a tradition has been tested and its truths and its virtues determined through man's experience and judgment, its useful attributes are lifted from the veiled chambers of memory or of fancy into the open day of realities and it be-

comes a fixed fact in religion, in law, in sociology, in art or science. Alchemy, astrology, oracular declarations, feign worship, superstitions and jeremiads based on faith in the "good old times" are all superstitious aches must finally give way to attested fact.

The Singer's Search for Traditions

The singer who seeks the traditions of his art usually seeks to know interpretations of the eminent singers of former days; that is to say, how far and in what way they deviated by addition, omission or alteration from the written musings of the composer.

It is true that in the earlier days of the Italian supremacy in operatic vocal art composers often left in their scores places for singers to insert their own cadenzas, and thus left "gaps" in the aria which have been variously supplied by vocalists through several generations. It is also a fact that singers with voices of special range or limit have (often) taken liberties with composers' scores, and have changed, added to, or omitted, words, phrases which were inconvenient, impossible or distasteful to them.

Many of these alterations have been recorded, still more have been discarded or lost. It is probable that the greater mass of these alterations were of personal value only and were in nowise improvements on the original score; but in the efforts of teachers to prove their personal superiority, the unreasonable search for a better-than-the-present-way has been fostered and played with and the profitable "tradition" has been made a very profitable studio slogan by more or less unreliable "masters."

It is a fair proposition that the worthwhile traditions or special means of interpretation in the classic repertory are to be found in all reliable, well edited editions now in print. Publishers are, as a class, quick to appreciate the whims of the music student and the practices of the commercially enterprising teacher, and therefore the better class of publications of vocal music may be relied upon to reveal the creditable "traditions" or at least those universally accepted.

Any remembrance of how a departed teacher said "Mile. So-and-so sang the grand aria of 'Magna Charta' and it is sure to be alloyed by human error in memory and by the usual "varying of verity" in frequent passages from note to ear; but if told with sufficient force and conviction (whatever the variations) firmly enough, there will always (perhaps to the end of time) be foolish virgins who will refuse to keep the electric light of present-day knowledge "turned on" and will prefer to believe the tale of the clever Signor Alexander, whose grandmother had it direct from her grandfather's vocal teacher, and the darkness of artists covered eyes the fair virgin of art will strive to twitter a cadenza which "Belini" was "delighted" to accept as an improvement on his score.

"Tradition Marks"

Traditional markings have often been the undoing of young singers who in studying "traditions" have lost the essence of their art. I recall an occasion when a distinguished American singer came to my studio to "look over" his part for a performance of "St. Paul" which we were to give. As the conductor of the concert, I was concerned in his work and asked him regarding a mass of pencil markings on his score. "Oh," said he, "these are Walker's Traditional Notes made." "Ah, and who is Walker?" said I. I was told that he was a distinguished master abroad. I had never heard of him, nor have I since, but the name may be the title, and the importance of tradition in the matter of "where to breathe" in an oratorio air? Here was a splendid artist allowing a whim to mark up his book with "traditions" on a subject which to the singer should be and doubtless was well known before he left our land to cross the Atlantic for a foreign tour.

A more tragic incident of the similar nature occurred some years ago when I was booked to conduct a performance of "Samson and Delilah." At the rehearsal "Samson" was the singer who stood close to me, and looking at his book directly under my eye, I saw it very peculiarly marked with a variety of circles, birdseyes, squares, etc. I was told that they were traditional markings as to breath, tone, etc. I expressed a hope that he would at the evening performance get through the music without the maze and reach the top note; but, alas, at the performance all went finely into the splendid fellow and fine artist came to the B flat in the duet with Delilah, and then he "came a cropper." I never learned whether he tried to jump through one of the rings like a bareback rider who makes a leap for it, or what was the matter, but it was a sorry moment and the climax was vocally ruined; the singer surely was lost in the maze of "traditional signs" and forgot how to sing.

These are typical cases; seeking for art precepts through unrecorded traditions is to indulge in a delusion. The true traditions of our vocal art are recorded, and when recorded they cease to be merely traditional and have become a part of the acknowledged law, a statement of fact or of supposed fact. Tradition is accepted and recorded by enlightened men, or is repudiated and discarded. Dependence upon unrecorded articles of faith in vocal art is a folly. The worthy traditions should be known by all serious students of singing, and they have long since been the common possession of the profession.

The day, as it is, of artists of former times, frequently after special passages in their favorite arias, insert a bit of fioritura or a note of embellishment; when these bits of personal conceit are

"musically," as we say, and really fit the voice of the artist, we accept the alteration. If, as is often the case, they are inappropriate (ill fitting) elements of mere display, attempts to imitate superior artists, or when they are of such extreme character as to destroy or impair the integrity of the original melody, they are condemned by musicians of judgment. Often these "improvements" are given to the singer by a more or less clever teacher, who may name them "traditional," or boldly and more honestly admit that he "writes them in" for the special use of his pupil, a legitimate thing, if done musically, with good judgment, and without detriment to the original.

It is well for the vocal student and aspirant for a place in public service and approval to fix in mind some facts regarding the development of the voice and its use in interpretation.

To-day and Yesterday

The traditions of the old Italian regime which we may call worthy and are fit subjects for our study are all recorded and need no special expert exposition.

The most successful vocal masters demanded of their pupils:

- a—A close study of music as an art science.
- b—Musicianship was a prime requirement.
- c—Control of breath.
- d—Control of speech-sounds; distinct enunciation and clear articulation.
- e—Pure tone and facile execution.
- f—Rational emotional delivery of the phrase, with control of number, rhythm and dynamic.

Music-making was imperative as a vital part of the development of musicianship. What more of the traditions of vocal art do we need to-day? There is no tradition which can properly be said to be the positive tempo of the artists of long ago. Beethoven rebelled against metronomic tempo when he declared that the rider who makes a leap for it, or what was the matter, but it was a sorry moment and the climax was vocally ruined; the singer surely was lost in the maze of "traditional signs" and forgot how to sing.

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is the one great necessity which the average singer never accomplishes. He is constantly leaning on some one more accomplished in music than himself, and he alone of all classes of music workers is the one who fuses over the traditions of his art.

With the accomplishment of the recorded items of voice study (see above) necessary for all singers, the student who is a musician will find that the music page in its original form as it left the composer's hand will supply the necessary directions for complete interpretation.

With the masterly editing through which the great classics have passed for the editions of modern publishers, the student is supplied with all necessary data as to former errors in printing, former and present differences of opinion as to certain mooted notes or pas-

Can You Pass This Voice Teacher's Examination?

THE ETUDE is indebted to Dr. Walter L. Rogers, former President of the N. Y. S. M. T. A. for the following data regarding the examinations adopted by the New York State Music Teachers' Association. The examination as a whole is simple enough, but we know some voice teachers who would certainly find some of the requirements a great hardship.

Examination for Certificate of Associate Teachers of Singing

1. Statement to be signed by candidate:
I, _____, do hereby testify and declare that I have had three years' experience as a teacher of the art of Voice Production and the Art of Singing in the following places:

and that I have studied Voice Production and the Art of Singing under the following masters for the periods set opposite their names:

- Signed: _____
(Address) _____

2. (a) Sing one song in Italian.
(b) Sing one song in English.
(To be of moderate difficulty or even easy, and to be approved by examiners.)

Judgment will be based upon Tone Production, Diction, Phrasing and Interpretation.

3. Singing at sight, words and music.
(A hymn-tune may be given.)
(To be chosen by examiners.)

4. Dictation: Two brief (four measure) melodies; keys to be announced; tonic chords struck; each melody to be played three times. (To be chosen by examiners.)

6. Questions on Physiology of Tone Production and the Art of Singing as set forth in standard works on the subject:

- (a) What text-books or treatises on Tone Production and the Art of Singing have you found the most helpful?
- (b) Get an outline of the ideas of any one of these authors.

- (c) Describe the positions of the body, the chest, the shoulders, the head, the jaw, the lips, and the tongue, which you advocate as best for the singer.

- (d) How is a tone produced by the voice?
- (e) What part do the lungs, the larynx, the mouth, the tongue, the lips and the nose play in voice-production?

- (f) Describe the act of breathing, naming the principal muscles used in inhalation and exhalation.

- (g) Describe two or more methods of breathing used by singers, indicating your preference with reasons.

Become a musician. Learn to know fully the intentions of a composer by its complete mastery of his music page. This

is the one great necessity which the average singer never accomplishes. He is constantly leaning on some one more accomplished in music than himself, and he alone of all classes of music workers is the one who fuses over the traditions of his art.

With the accomplishment of the recorded items of voice study (see above) necessary for all singers, the student who is a musician will find that the music page in its original form as it left the composer's hand will supply the necessary directions for complete interpretation.

With the masterly editing through which the great classics have passed for the editions of modern publishers, the student is supplied with all necessary data as to former errors in printing, former and present differences of opinion as to certain mooted notes or pas-

ages, or characteristic opinions and practices of artists as to interpretation.

The great tradition on which we should rely is "musicianship." When this is realized one may readily square the modern intensity of spirit with the classic spirit of repose, and, quickened by the life of the day, the spirit of the classic period or the classic composer will not be violated but exalted if artists will work faithfully toward real efficiency and mastery, as did the singers and players of former days, the technique of their art.

The requirements of to-day in the field of music are far beyond the art of a century or more ago, yet the requirements of technical efficiency and complete musicianship are as necessary as ever. The traditions which demand strenuous devotion, labor and ardent constancy of purpose are the mileposts of the royal road to success in musical art.

- (g) What do you understand by the term "Resonance"? What by "Reinforcement"?
- (h) What portion of the body can give resonance?

- (i) Mention the most talked of forms of resonance and express your opinion as to their value and application to the range of the voice.
- (j) Do you believe in registers? If so, how many do you recognize?

- (k) How would you apply the idea of relaxation to the act of singing? Must there be tension? If so, where?
- (l) Mention four or more general varieties of the human voice, stating whether possessed by men or by women, giving also approximate range and characteristics.

- (m) Give composers' names of any sets of vocalises you have found useful.
- (n) What characteristics do you consider essential in selecting songs for beginners?

- (o) Define Attack, Sostenuto, Legato, Cantabile, Staccato, Messa di Voce, Portamento, Phrasing.
- (p) State the difference between "Folk-Song" and "Art-Song."

Analytical Harmony

7. (a) Analyze the following examples, indicating under each chord, by a large or small Roman numeral, its root and quality (major or minor), and the harmonic figures, its inversion, also marking over each example the strong and weak accents in each measure by (—) x (·).

When writing accidentals instead of key-signatures, write out in quarter notes (1) the ascending scale of B flat major, and (2) the minor scale of C sharp, using the mode form ascending and the harmonic form descending, indicating under both scales by the terms "step" and "half-step," the distance each scale-degree is from its neighbors.

- (b) Which is the primary or principal chord of the seventh and of what intervals is it composed?
- (c) What is a cadence? Name two or more varieties.

History

8. (a) In what century and country did opera originate?
- (b) In what century and country did Pasterina live and in what forms did he write?

- (c) In what century and country did Johann Sebastian Bach live and in what forms did he write?
- (d) Mention the names of three or more of the most famous composers of Oratorio, giving their nationality, approximate date, and best known works.



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Department for Violinists

Edited by ROBERT BRAINE

"If All Would Play First Violin We Could Get No Orchestra Together."—R. SCHUMANN

A Talk on Bowing

By H. Tinderman

JAN KUBELIK
Great Czech-Slovak Violinist

Most of the awkward, faulty bowing seen is due not to carelessness, but lack of understanding of a few important, easily-applied rules. Literally hundreds of earnest, conscientious violinists go on day after day unwittingly committing artistic crime after another, when with the same effort rightly directed, they might be playing in good form.

Take, for instance, the elementary problem of how the bow should be grasped. A correct grasp is quite as easy to learn as one that is incorrect, yet the violinist who is able to exert effortless, graceful control over the bow is the exception.

But what is the correct position for the fingers on the right hand? "I can hear some one say, 'Every new teacher I go to tells me something different.' How is one to know what is right?" According to César Thomson, the Belgian virtuoso, who was very insistent on this point, the finger joints of the right hand should lie close together in perfect alignment—the joints nearest the nails resting on the low so that the finger ends (the little finger included) curl over and press against the side of the stick and frog. The thumb should couple opposite the middle finger and the thumb joints should not be bent. Also, in spite of the fact that the wrist must be kept limp and supple at all times, the grip of the bow should be quite firm.

Thomson recommended to his pupils that they slip a bit of rubber tubing over that part of the stick which comes in contact with the hand. He himself kept this tubing—which can be purchased at any drug store—on a lot of his own bows. Working the rubber tubing is a most tedious task, but fortunately it does not have to be repeated often—once a year or so, depending upon the number of hours one is in the habit of playing daily. For the benefit of those who have never seen a bow arranged in the manner referred to, I will describe in detail how it is done.

Take a piece of rubber tubing 4½ inches long by ½ of an inch in diameter and after unswerving and removing the nut which holds the frog in place at the end of the bow, work the rubber up over the silver threads wound about the lower part of the stick. When the tubing is even with the end of the bow, cut it in the rubber—in order that the frog may be inserted—thrust the frog through the aperture, taking care that the rubber nowhere comes between the frog and the stick, and replace the screws.

The advantages of this rubber tubing are manifold. Once try using a bow that has been so prepared and you will wonder how you formerly managed to make do at all with nothing to give a secure hold for your fingers. Not only does the rub-

ber sheath give one absolute freedom of manipulation, and make it possible to keep the finger joints close together instead of awkwardly separated in a spasmodic effort to clutch the slippery bow stick, but it also enables one to play on the flat of the bow instead of on the side. This is much to be desired.

"Play on the flat of the bow," César Thomson would reiterate. "How can you hope to draw a great volume of sound from the string, if you employ but a few little hairs? If you use only a few hairs you must expect to have a weak, thin tone. . . . For pianissimo effects, merely diminish the pressure on the stick and play close to the fingerboard."

The correct manner of holding a bow and the proper way to apply it to the strings having been touched on, the topic next in order would seem to be the drawing of the bow, a problem which necessitates a discussion of the principle of "straight lines"—"lignes droites" Thomson was wont to designate it.

Violinistically speaking, this expression means that when playing, you should imagine that you are drawing lines with the right hand through space—or across a stick. On the G lines must be kept straight, the A the low should cross the strings at an angle of approximately forty-five degrees. Not sometimes, but always! There must be no uncertainty in one's movements. Always the bow must slant thus: On the G—, on the D—

on the A—, on the E—. Furthermore, when playing on any given string, the bow must remain at the angle proper to that particular string; when the end of a note is reached, the bow should slant in exactly the same direction that it did at the beginning of the note.

On the G especially is this important; even at the extreme point the bow should be kept parallel with some horizontal line in the room—a waistcoat or picture frame. Admirers of Kubelik no doubt have noticed how scrupulous he is in this regard, and the reason, it is one of the seemingly trivial details that make the difference between the artist and the fiddler.

In order to assure himself that I had thoroughly grasped the principle of straight lines, Thomson one day asked me to play a long-drawn note on the A string.

"Hold the hand steady!" was his criticism as I complied. "I notice a sideways rocking motion in your hand; you could slant, to make a long line requires the same system as to make a short one."

When called upon to go from a lower to a higher string (from D to A, or A to E, or E to A), the bow must be changed smoothly. In order to avoid a scratching sound, always hesitate imperceptibly and


timid the right hand downward by a movement of the wrist, bring the bow to rest on the desired string—being careful to keep the right elbow turned in toward the frog, instead of out as one is tempted to do. When the bow is in place merely playing—but not until then.

To cross from a higher to a lower string (from E to A, or A to D, or D to G), merely raise the arm a trifle. The position of the wrist remains unchanged.

In Drawing the Bow
guard against the hideous habit of twisting the wrist so that the right palm is turned away from the body and the elbow forced out. The palm should be kept turned toward the body, except on the G string, in which case it may be parallel with the floor.

When playing, remember always to keep the right hand bent downward and the elbow turned in as close to the body as possible. Also, never forget that economy of low is of vital importance; that no one who is wasteful of the bow can hope to produce a beautiful tone. On every note hold back. Husband every precious inch of horseshair—particularly at the frog. At the same time, contradictory as this advice may seem, try for breadth; long, flowing lines—what the French call "des gestes nobles." At the point extend the arm fully—on the G especially. It is possible to use the very minimum of bow and still avoid playing in a jerky, petty manner.

A paragraph or two back, mention was made of the habit of twisting the wrist when drawing the bow; so that the right palm turns away from the body. This serious fault can be overcome by mastering the following exercises:

(1) Play  using the entire bow.

When the end of the stick is reached, the arm should be easily extended as though pointing at some distant object; the wrist should be on a level with the knuckles, the fingers should hang straight, and the finger joints should be close together.

(2) Next, without bending the arm let your right hand drop until the bow rests on the E string. Make the change rapidly. As you let the arm drop, by a lightning-like motion bend the right wrist downward as far as it will go and at the same time consciously turn the elbow in, for the elbow will naturally twist outward if you let it.

(3) Keeping the arm easily extended, return to the G string once more by the simple expedient of raising the arm until the bow again forms a horizontal bar across the strings. Keep the wrist bent downward as you raise the arm.

Students—whether they are accustomed to drawing the bow correctly or not—will

do well to repeat the above exercise many times. It is of the highest value, for it teaches the motion that should always be employed when crossing G to E, or A to G, a quick bending of the wrist inward while the arm is being lowered, followed well in. It likewise accustoms one to merely raising the arm when crossing from E to A, or D to G.

Let me suggest that it be practiced before a mirror, so that there can be no doubt that the motions made are correct. Notice carefully whether the bow is straight, whether the position of the hands and body is the proper one, etc. The habit of practicing before the mirror, by the way, is one well worth cultivating. Watching one's reflection enables one to eliminate incipient faults before they have time to become fixed habits.

A development of the exercise just described can be found in the arpeggios which follow:



Practice these, allowing first one, then two, four, six, and finally eight arpeggios to a bow.

As each arpeggio demands that you make a series of curves resembling the figure eight, learn to make these curves correctly by drawing figure eights in the air while holding your bow as though playing. Carefully round the corners of the figure eight, and keep the wrist supple—while maintaining a firm grip on the bow—and at every opportunity bend the hand downward so that the knuckles are lower than the back of the wrist. This last injunction cannot be reiterated too often.

Before concluding this little talk on bowing I am going to mention, after considerable hesitation, an incident that occurred soon after I went abroad to study. One of the first acts of my master—a professor at the Paris Conservatoire—was to shake from my bow, by means of a penknife, the sharp ebony corner of the frog against which the thumb comes in contact. Pressing into the flesh of the thumb the sharp corner of the frog was causing me a great deal of unnecessary pain that could not fail to detract from the value of my practice.

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Personally I have never had cause to regret the act of vandalism which brought me so much relief. I hope, however, that my mention of it will not be taken as a suggestion that the reader do so and do likewise, for nothing is further from my intention. To advise anyone to tamper in any way with either bow or violin would

entail too great a responsibility. I merely recount my experience for whatever it is worth. Among the many readers of THE ETUDE there may be some violinists who are hampered as I was by the annoying pressure whose only reason for existence is, apparently, a desire for symmetry on the part of the bow makers.

Stretching Exercises
No difference. Any technical work could be used, such as Schradieck's Scales, Sevcik's First Book of Technique, etc. The distance from note to bridge of the viola is considerably greater than that of the violin, consequently the stretches are greater and the stretching capacity of the hand is gradually increased by viola practice. After practicing exercises on the viola, tentils will seem much easier on the violin than before and all intervals in proportion. Persistent practice of the viola in this way invariably results in an increased stretching capacity of the hand. It also improves the position of the left arm, for the student in playing the viola, finds the finger obliged to hold the fingers high above the fingerboard and the left arm far under the violin in order to reach the notes of the C string of the viola at all.

I have known violin students to practice the 'cello with the same end in view, of increasing the normal stretch of the hand. While this might be of some advantage, I do not consider it as good as viola practice, since the position of the left hand in 'cello playing is radically different from that in violin playing and bad habits might result. The position of the left hand for the viola is the same as that in violin playing.

After an hour of practice on the viola, when the violin is taken up, it seems like a rest in comparison, the stretches are easily reached, and what seemed difficult before is now easy. Of course, these results cannot be looked for until some three or four months of systematic viola practice.

Prodigies
Or prodigies there is no end. The English papers give an account of a child between four and five who is a student at a well-known school of music in London. This little lad is pronounced a miracle by the professors of the institution. He seems to see through problems in violin playing with the same ease that a lightning calculator sees through mathematical problems, adding up four columns of figures at once, and doing huge problems in cube root off-hand without putting a pencil to paper. This little violinist recently came out with flying colors from a competition in violin playing, in which he scored more points than other students from twenty to twenty-five years of age.

A call from Rome to the Associated Press gives an account of another remarkable child musician as follows: Rome, July 12.—Willy Ferrero, aged 13, leads 100-piece orchestra in sections of Wagner, Beethoven, Rossini, Grieg and others, is an American and born in Portland, Me. The child has attracted the attention of Europe since he was four years old, but it was only recently that his American birth was revealed by his parents, who are Italians.

Why the G String Gets Sharp
Violin students are often mystified to find that their G string, after they have carefully tuned the violin, and the chin rest is in place, gets sharp. The cause of this is that in many cases they allow the chin to press on the tail-piece, on the side nearest the fingerboard, thereby drawing the

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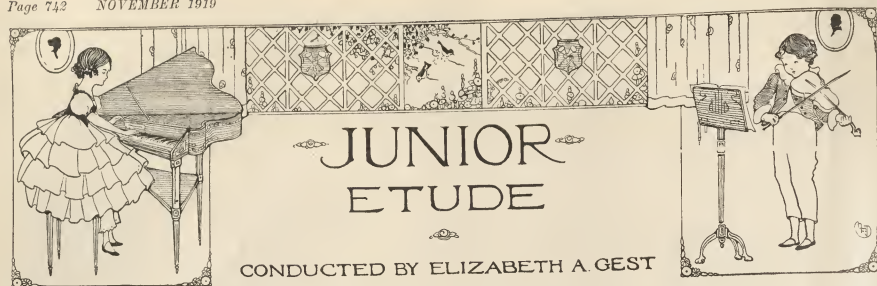
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JUNIOR ETUDE

CONDUCTED BY ELIZABETH A GEST

Thanksgiving

To a great many people Thanksgiving means no school; to others it means an unusually good dinner and two helpings of desert; to some it means having company; to others it means going away; and to a great many it means—nothing at all. No matter where or how you spend the day, try to make it mean something, and remember that you have things to be thankful for as well as other people.

If you take part in a Thanksgiving recital, do it in such a spirit of gladness that yourself and your audience will be glad to hear you play. If you do not take part in a recital, play for someone privately, and be glad that you can play and have some one to play to; and your friends will be glad to listen; and you will be glad that they are glad, and they will be glad that you are glad that they are glad!

Musical Games to Teach

By L. Rountree Smith

No. 1. Musical game to teach notes on lines of the Treble Clef.

The children are in a circle. They choose a leader, who stands inside the circle. They skip round singing to the tune of "Comin' Thru' the Rye":

If you want an introduction
Treble Clef to know,
Come and join us in our circle,
Singing as we go.

Notes upon the lines we're learning,
of the Treble Clef,
So reading upward we will name them,
E-C-B-A-D-E.

The children pause and face in toward the centre of the circle, and the leader points to any child, calling out quickly, first line, fourth line, etc. The child called upon must give the name of the note on the line called for, or go out of the game.

The song is repeated and all skip round the circle each time after a child is called upon, and the game continues until no children are left in the circle.

No. 2. Musical game to teach notes in spaces of Treble Clef.

The children are in two lines facing each other.

They skip forward and back, saying:

Notes in spaces, notes in spaces,
Look to us like sunning faces,
Counting upward you will see,
F-A-C-E.

A child runs through between the lines saying, "I stop at the first space, who will let me in?" The first child to respond, "It will let you in," changes places with her and the game continues, the children skipping forward and back as before. The child who runs through between the lines may name any space she wants to stop at, and the first child to respond takes her place.

When I Went to the Concert

I went to a concert one beautiful day
To hear a wonderful orchestra play.

One man played a harp.



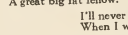
Another a cello.



And one played a drum.



A great big fat fellow.



I'll never forget that beautiful day
When I went to hear the orchestra play.

The Chant of Ri

By Littlean Blackstone

(A myth based on the Hindoo tradition that each tone of the music scale was under the protection of a nymph. The notes were named after these nymphs.)

When the Rajah heard that Nakula, a minstrel in his court, wished to marry above his caste, he became very angry and ordered the man to him.

"What do you mean by this?" he thundered, and then was quiet as he heard Nakula might utter his protestations. If the musician did this, the Rajah would have sufficient reason to command his death.

But Nakula was frightened and said nothing.

"Wait," thought the Rajah, "if I fall now I will surely succeed another time." To Nakula he said, "I want some music composed in honor of the Rance's birthday; see to it that it is prepared soon. Otherwise, you will die."

Nakula took his flute and went to the meadows, and there he played that Surya, the sun, might send him aid.

So Surya sent the nymphs and they came one by one and crooned soft melodies in Nakula's ear; and the minstrel was overjoyed and set to work at once on his ceremonial chant that he might escape death.

All went well till Ri, one of the nymphs, became jealous, thinking too much attention was being paid to Sa. She refused to come any more and the musician was at a loss, for without Ri he could not finish the music.

Each day Nakula went down to the sea where she lived and would offer her the juice of the Somo and would pour pure butter on fires that she might be appeased. But Ri pretended not to notice these offerings, and stayed at the bottom of the sea.

Soon word came from the Rajah that the Rance's birthday was at hand and that Nakula must appear with the music. Nakula, thoroughly frightened, hurried at once to the sea.

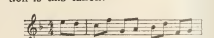
He stopped in amazement as he heard the Rance was sitting in the sun's rays and smiling at him.

"I will help you finish your song," she said, "if you will name it after me."

So Nakula promised and the chant was finished; and it pleased the Rajah and Rance so much that the musician was placed in a high caste and ordered to marry at once.

Who Knows?

1. How many half-tones are there in an octave?
2. When was Rubinstein born?
3. What is meant by *maestoso*?
4. Is the "Queen of Sheba" an opera or an oratorio?
5. What is a chorus?
6. For what was Guido d'Arezzo famous?
7. How many operas did Beethoven write?
8. Who wrote Aida?
9. Of what nationality was Monteverde?
10. From what well-known composition is this taken?



Answers to Last Month's Questions

1. An English horn is a wood wind instrument, often used as an alto oboe from an opera or oratorio.
2. Rossini was born in 1792.
4. Stephen C. Foster wrote "Way down upon the Swannee River."
5. Leschetizky was a pianist and teacher of many present day concert pianists.
6. A fugue is a composition developed contrapuntally from one or more themes, each being of equal importance with the other.
7. Geraldine Farrar is an American.
8. A console is the keyboard pedal-board and arrangement of stops of a pipe organ.
9. Senza accelerando means "without hurrying."
10. Repetition mark is sometimes placed in a measure instead of writing out the notes, and means that the measure is to be played like the one preceding.

Letter Box

DEAR JUNIOR ETUDE:

The ETUDE is the best musical magazine that I have read. There is something in it that makes me love music more and more every time I read it.

I have always longed to enter one of the competitions in the JUNIOR ETUDE, but as I live so very far away, it would be too late.

Last spring I went up for a university examination in piano and theory, and I passed in both, and great was my joy when I received my certificates!

Not long ago I went to a concert by one of Australia's best pianists, who is now giving concerts in America.

Wishing the JUNIOR ETUDE every success.

Your Friend,
THEA FORBES (Age 11),
Richmond, Australia.

Junior Etude Competition

THE JUNIOR ETUDE will award three pretty prizes each month for the best and original stories or essays, and nearest to musical puzzles.

Subject for story or essay this month: "A Thanksgiving Story" (must relate to music). It must contain not more than 150 words. Write on one side of the paper only. Any boy or girl under fifteen years of age may compete.

All contributions must bear name, age and address of sender, and must be sent to JUNIOR ETUDE, 1712 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa., before the twentieth of November.

The names of the prize winners and their contributions will be published in the January issue.

In the September competition honorable mention is given to Eln Potteger, Margaret Williams, Graydon Heartsill, Alma Witzel, but no compositions were good enough to be prize winners.

Puzzle

Is each of the following sentences in concealed a musical term. Each of the five terms are of equal length. Write another, the letters indicated by the numbers 1 to 5 will spell the name of an American composer.

1. This core is is of an apple.
2. Before he fell into the pit, Charles had given his rope to John Sunday.
3. The last affair was on Tuesday.
4. What she did was to nicely arrange the room.
5. Bob raced for ten miles and then suddenly stopped.

Answers: 1. Core (Cello), 2. Rope (Solo), 3. Last (Lute), 4. What (What), 5. Bob (Bob).

Answer to September Puzzle

Prize winners: Jennie van Dungan, (age 12), Detroit, Mich.; Juliet Gaillardet, (age 13), Manchester, N. H.; Anthony Janosky, (age 15), Bridgeville, Pa.

HONORABLE MENTION

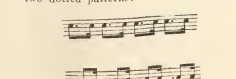
Alethea Neal, Mabel Gerard, Anna Jensen, Fred Lattor, Margaret Williams, Anita Marcotte, Laura Putnam, Mary Sue Wiley.

Nut-crackers

HAVE you ever tried to learn a clumsy, rapid passage, and succeeded in it? It gives a delightful sensation, does it not? But—have you ever tried to learn a similar passage, and in spite of endless repetitions, you could not master it? That gives quite a different sensation! These hard nuts are the most interesting ones to crack, and any exercise that helps one to overcome such difficulties might be called "nut-crackers."

Here is one.

Play the troublesome passages somewhat slowly and accent it *unmistakably*. Then increase the tempo, and exercise, no doubt. Then practice the passage in these two dotted patterns:



No matter what the melodic or harmonic structure of the passage may be,

put it through this same formula, and the next day you will master the passage in a moment or two of ordinary practice. And you will be glad to find that your "nut-cracker" exercise really cracked the nut.

Dreams of Music Students

An Idea for a Recital

By M. E. Keating

It was past midnight, when suddenly we found ourselves transported to unknown regions. Josephine heard strains of the loveliest music, it seemed as if thousands of voices were singing. Such tones! Clear, round and sweet. (Music—*Marietta's Song*, Oberholzer, Weber.) Isabelle wandered far from home. She came finally to an old-fashioned house. The kind lady who lived there, was at her spinning wheel and was singing a lovely song. (Music—*Spinning Wheel*, Wachs.) Soon she dreamed that she was in a city standing on a street corner, listening to a hurdy hurdy. (Music—*Tarantella*, Rogers.) Jane was enjoying herself in a little folk theater painted in rainbow colors. The Punch and Judy Company were entertaining the young folks. Jane liked the Marietta dance best. (Music—*Mariettes*, Rhode.) Lucille wandered alone in a beautiful meadow where she was chasing butterflies. It was a lovely scene in the morning and the lark was singing his morning serenade. She lingered and listened to his joyous song. (Music—*Lark*, *Harlequin*, Schubert.) Catherine was across the Atlantic Ocean many miles from home. She was riding in a beautiful gondola in Venice. (Music—*Gondolier's Song*, Kohler.) Joseph was far away in Schumann Land in 1809 instead of today. At the Schumann home he saw Robert at the piano composing little pieces he loved. Joseph will never forget this haunting melody; it comes over his ear like the "sweet south wind that breathes upon a bank of violets" (Music—*Melodie*, Schumann.) Clayton joined a hunting party and was on his way to the woods. It was early morning, and the sun was just peeping over the hills. The earth looked beautiful in her mantle of green, covered with jewels of dew. The calls of the hunting horns, excited dogs, and music of the hunting horns, was a memorable dream. (Music—*Hunting Party*, Spindler.) Dorothy dreamed she was in a garden, swinging in a cool orchard. Birds were singing sweetly and a golden shower of unbeans fell through the leaves, and elves were dancing on the shadows. (Music—*Spring*, Meyerler.) Nellie dreamed she lived in the days of long ago, when people dressed in lavender and lace. She was standing by the mirroring fountains, gallant knights ready to dance the stately minuet. (Music—*Minuet*, Mozart.) Betty dreamed she heard the vesper chimes that rang sweetly from the church in the valley. (Music—*Angels Chimes*, Gounod.) Gladys dreamed she was in a beautiful park filled with flower gardens and in the gathering flowers, singing a lovely song that floated on the summer breeze. (Music—*Children's Song*, Kohler.) Then day dawned, and as the spirits passed away, Frank saw the birds in the dim morning gray, a chirp, a trill, then a burst of music gay from awakening birds. (Music—*Daybreak*, Keating.)

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